JOHN BULL, JANUARY 4, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1542.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS SHOCK—SEE PAGE 9

JOHN BULL

"I was ill in body sick at HEART"

—the modern fairy tale of an ailing Cinderella whose very real God-mother showed her the way to health and romance.

"There were three of us in our family—my two sisters and I. They were both married while I lived at home with my father, our mother having died when I was born. Perhaps it was because of this that I did not receive in my youth all the care and attention that I needed. The result was that I grew up woefully thin and anæmic.

I cherished fond hopes that I should grow out of this weakness, and, like my two healthy sisters, marry and have children of my own. But as maturity approached I realised that this was not to be. No man ever called at our home, and all around me I saw the young men I had met marrying other girls.

I was giving up

Then starkest tragedy, or so it seemed to me at the time, overtook us. I fell dreadfully ill. Fortunately, my father's sister—my God-mother and one of the sweetest souls who ever breathed—was able to come and nurse me. For weeks my life's flame burned very low, but the kindness and care of my God-mother worked miracles of healing, and after several weeks I was definitely on the up grade once again. One morning—I remember it well because my future happiness was to date from that moment—my God-mother came into my room with a large bottle under her arm.

My God-mother's miracle

"Sally," she said, "I've bought this for you and I want you to take it before every meal. Your trouble is weak, thin blood, and weak blood means bad nerves, bad digestion. This will put strong red blood in your veins. It is Wincarnis, a most wonderful tonic wine."

From that very first glass of Wincarnis, I felt it was doing me good. That day, for the first time for months, I relished my lunch. And every day after that I enjoyed my meals to the full. The change was wonderful to see. Deep hollows filled out and colour came back to my cheeks, while the pains that racked my anæmic body went like magic. Within a month of taking Wincarnis I was out and about again, and my sisters hardly knew me.

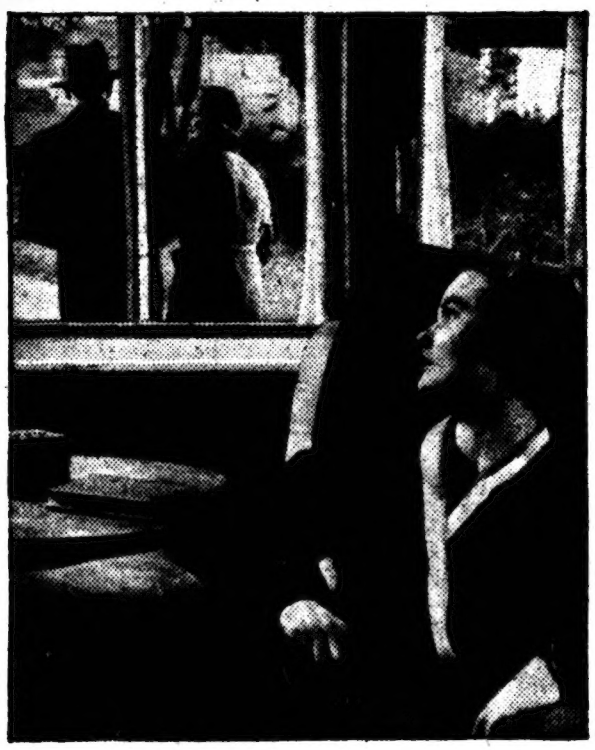
The romance it brought

Then, one June evening, a wonderful thing happened. I was sitting in the park and a young man I had known nearly four years before walked by. I smiled at him and he stopped. He did not recognise me at first glance. Then he said, "Sally! How you've changed. Why! You're beautiful!" To cut a long story short, we are married now, and the happiest couple who ever lived. I was telling the District Nurse how much I owed to Wincarnis, and she assured me that hundreds of other anæmic women had blossomed into charming maturity through the aid of this marvellous tonic wine."

Try Wincarnis at our expense

There are thousands of anæmic and run-down women whose only barrier to health, happiness and romance is thin, weak blood. If your nerves jangle easily; if your head aches often and nervous pains shoot through your body; if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, give Wincarnis a trial. It contains just the things you need—the wonderful tonic ingredients of malt, beef extract, and the benefits of rich red wine from sunny Spain.

"All around I saw young men I knew marrying other girls . . ."



This story was suggested by testimonials in our files. Names and places have been altered out of courtesy to our friends who have been kind enough to write about their wonderful experiences with Wincarnis.

Let it bring youth back to your bloodstream, for young blood is the sap of life. Make sure you get genuine Wincarnis, and not a cheap or ineffective substitute. On sale at all wine shops, licensed chemists and grocers, two sizes, 5/6d. and 3/3d.

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

To: Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. 7-R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me a free sample of Wincarnis.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THOUSANDS ARE DOING IT! WHAT? Making Money selling Drapery Bargains, Silk Stockings, Gent's Socks from 1/11 doz. Pairs. Why not you? Book of hints worth pounds free.—COCHRANE'S WAREHOUSE, 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER, 4.

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AGENCIES, CLUBS.

SOMETHING really new in clubs! The "Sixit" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send p.c. NOW for catalogue.—Geo. Day, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester, 1.

NEW YEAR OPPORTUNITIES FOR CLUB AGENTS AND OTHERS.
If you are looking for a money-making chance read the special announcements on page 29.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING. Largest National training and employment Organisation for Motor Drivers. Call (9-7), or write for details of training: 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, London; or 283, Deansgate, MANCHESTER; or Sheepcote St., Broad St., Birmingham. 95,000 successful pupils.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1936 (FREE). Contains information of pay, prospects and Entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 662), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES. G.P.O. Engineering Dept., Telephone Service, and Patent Office Assistants. Permanent Posts. Commencing pay, £3 10s. to £4 per week. No experience required, but candidates (age limits 17-25) must be willing to study technical subjects.—For full particulars write, B.I.E.T. (Dept. 527), 17-19, Stratford Place, Oxford Street, W.1.

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CUSTOMS & EXCISE. — Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay, £3 6s. The Entrance exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 301), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

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CARNIVAL GOODS Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Send for special free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

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A1 NOVELTIES for Dances, Hats, Balloons, Novelty Musical Instruments, Masks. — List JB1635 free.—Dudley's, 451 Holloway Road, N.7.

BILLIARDS, complete sets from 22/- each, 4/- monthly, all Accessories. Snooker, Bagatelle, Table Tennis; amazing Value. 1d. p.c. brings list.—RAYMOND, address under "Musical."

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

A FREE catalogue that will solve your furnishing problems. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to JAYS FURNISHING STORES, 248, Tottenham Court Road, W.C.1, and a free catalogue, crammed full of bargains which can be obtained on easy payment terms, will come by return.

FREE.—Catalogue of full range of SERVICES Watches—Sports, De Luxe, Jubilee Models and Alarm Clocks—will be sent to readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Services Watch Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), Leicester. SERVICES Watches are famous for their endurance and dependability and are guaranteed for two years! Prices range from 5s. to £5.

BABY-CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment Beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Homes and Welfare centres. 75-Garment Layette with full-size Shawl, 30/-, or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including best flannels, woollies, Silk Robes and Handsome Shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on appro.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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DO you use an ACME Portable Wringer-Mangle? Write for free illustrated booklet describing all models.—Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

DON'T overlook Bolsoms' great annual sale offer of high-grade furniture at bargain prices on pages 4 and 5.

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Advertisements with remittances must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 37-39, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

THE NEW BERKELEY SUPERLAX EASY CHAIR makes one forget one's troubles and weariness. It moves automatically into a variety of positions to suit every mood. The makers of this chair, H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd. Dept. J.B., 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1, have issued a catalogue, giving details of this chair and other Berkeley models, which will be sent post free to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to their address, or to those who prefer it, fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 23.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1936 Catlg. & Gardening Guide, 144 pp., 247 photographs, 8 colour plates. Free to all readers of this paper, if mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., The King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh, 7.

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS, Drums and Accessories, trumpets, guitars, etc. 16 p.c. brings wonderful 64-p. 1936 cat. free.—TERRY, 129, Raymond and Co., 8, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

ACCORDEONS, Saxophones, Guitars—wonderful quality instruments.—Write for FREE illust. lists to Hessy's, 13, Manchester St., Liverpool.

FREE: Write for the DECCA RADIO Illustrated Catalogue. It gives full particulars of DECCA RADIO RECEIVERS and details of convenient easy payments. Mention John Bull when writing.—DECCA, LTD., 1/3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.

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80 MILLION COLDS COST THE NATION £20,000,000 A YEAR

At least 50 per cent. could be prevented if our people knew more about the laws of life and health. To know how to live for health and fitness is to know how to banish the common cold and other forms of disease. THE MINISTER OF HEALTH declared recently that the medical profession was helpless as far as the common cold is concerned.

I say "YOU NEED NEVER HAVE A COLD"

just as I have been Cold free for 14 years so complete immunity from colds, coughs, catarrh, tonsilitis and influenza can be yours. At 68 years of age I am physically fitter and more mentally alert than I was 14 years ago. By following the simple health regimen described in this valuable book you can have complete freedom from colds and coughs and enjoy complete physical fitness.

Don't delay, send a 1/- P.O., mentioning "John Bull," for my book "Cold-free for 14 Years," which explains how you can become immune from colds.
Wilfrid Hill, M.P.S., Twyford Abbey, London, N.W.10.

SEND TO-DAY FOR THIS WONDERFUL 1/- BOOK

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THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY FOR INFLUENZA, COLDS AND FEVERS

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FEVER CURER

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Kill Pain of BACKACHE

Women whose housework becomes a misery through nagging backache find Sloans drives out the pain completely. 1/9 per bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

Use SLOANS

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.E.), 31, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Arthur Strand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by Removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1/- stamps for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 24/28, Odmor, Derby.

FREE Sample of Cophos, the Physician's Remedy for Colds, 'Flu, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and effective. In Powders and Tablets. Send P.C. to Cophos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc.: send for my FREE book and 3 simple home cures.—Sec. Rivers (J.B. 39), 30 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

MUCH valuable advice is described in a wonderful book. "Cold-free for 14 years," which explains how you can become immune from colds. Send 1d. P.C., mentioning *John Bull*, for a copy of this simple health guide which every reader ought to possess. Address Wilfrid Hill, M.P.S., Twyford Abbey, London, N.W.10. See display ad. on this page.

GET rid of that nasty cough by taking FAMEL brand SYRUP. Surely and speedily it gives relief. FAMEL SYRUP is not a mere "cough mixture." It is a scientific treatment recommended by doctors and used in hospitals all over the world. See page 30.

STRENGTHEN your kidneys at once with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Invaluable for kidney weakness. They put an end to needless pain, and will bring back your health and vigour surely and effectively. See page 30.

FREE to Rheumatism Sufferers! A sample of URACE brand TABLETS will be sent on application to Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 23m, Banner Street, E.C.1. A postcard to the firm, mentioning *John Bull*, will bring the sample by return. See page 30.

20,000 FREE trial supplies to Asthma Sufferers! A postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, addressed to the Dr. Singha Co., Ltd., Dept. A/10, Bournemouth, will bring you a free trial supply of this famous remedy, and also a free booklet containing interesting information concerning this treatment. See page 30.

FREE: Generous Sample of WINCARNIS. If you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, give WINCARNIS a trial. Excellent for men and women who suffer from debility and jangled nerves. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Dept. T-R, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, enclosing 1½d. stamps for postage, etc., or, better still, simply fill in the coupon on the front cover. Send this now!

FREE to indigestion sufferers: Every stomach sufferer is invited to test "Mourated" Magnesia absolutely free of charge. Just send your name and address on a postcard (1d. stamp) to Bismag, Ltd. (Dept. TIA), London, N.16, and a free trial supply will be sent by return. Mind your digestive troubles now. "Mourated" Magnesia works wonders in a few moments, and it will cost you nothing to get relief—free, if you write to the address given. If you like, you can mention *John Bull* when writing.

FREE Capsule of new nasal medicament. Write immediately, mentioning *John Bull*, to Newbery & Phillips, 23, Banner Street, E.C.1, for free sample of VICK-VAPORUB brand NASAL MEDICAMENT. A few drops up your nostril and your cold will disappear before it can develop.

ASPRO is a friend in need at this time of the year, for it abnates 'Flu or feverish cold attacks quickly. Keep a packet of Aspro handy and keep fits and colds away. See page 25.

CHILDREN'S skin infections can be prevented and remedied by CUTICURA Ointment. Its soothing, antiseptic healing action quickly clears the skin. Samples of CUTICURA preparations, soap, ointment and talcum, will be sent to *John Bull* readers on receipt of 1½d. stamps for postage. Address Outicura (Dept. 76BO), Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 23, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

A FREE Offer!—to all who are run down. A generous sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which strengthens the organs of digestion, overcomes nervous depression, and builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd., K.A.28, 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamps to cover postage, etc.

FREE.—Pennings' "Everybody's Doctor."—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on this page.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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THE Milkman's in the News! What with local "Milk Weeks" and the opening of Milk Bars all over the country, the milkman is getting to be quite a national figure nowadays. It isn't everybody, however, that enjoys milk by itself, and some find it a little heavy on the digestion. A useful hint is to add a little Bovril. It has been found that a glass of hot milk with a teaspoonful of Bovril is not only a very pleasant and easily digested drink, but a most invigorating food combination as well. Many people are making Bovril and Milk their regular nightcap, and are finding it an excellent way of ensuring sound sleep.

If you would like particulars of a home course of Physical Culture which will increase your strength and keep you fit, fill in the coupon on page 27.

THE Kellogg Co., manufacturers of the famous cereal foods of that name, have reduced the price of their product ALL-BRAN from 9d. to 7½d. per packet. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN can be eaten with cold milk or cream and fruit and, now that it has been reduced in price to 7½d. a packet, should be within the reach of every member of the public. See page 21.

THE best and most popular adhesive is SECOTINE. Laboratory tests have proved it is twice as strong as other adhesives. A free booklet, describing some unusual uses of this double strength adhesive which sticks everything, can be obtained by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to M'Caw, Stevenson and Orr, Ltd., Dept. J.B., Belfast.

EXCELLENT health for 1s. a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Brook's International Physical Culture Course advertised on page 34. Fill in the coupon, which will bring you full details.

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Every sufferer from "nerves" should get my absorbingly interesting book describing an inexpensive home-treatment for Weak Nerves, Depression, Morbid Fears, Insomnia, Self-Consciousness, and similar nervous disorders. Sent free in sealed envelope. Write now and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can conquer your nervous fears!

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Introducing the new Aircraft Cadet Shockproof Watch. A handsome and reliable watch which is going to become a firm favourite. Swiss Lever movement in handsome chrome case with plain silvered dial. Milanese bracelet of stainless chromium-plated woven material. Fully tested for accuracy. 10 years' warranty. Sent for 3d. deposit and 3d. part post (6d. P.O. in all, no stamps) and 1/6 fortnightly until 17/6 is paid in all. Cash price 16/-. Ladies' dainty model, same price and terms. Also superior Model Watch, unbreakable glass, cannot be overwound, 22/6 same terms.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. C.C.J.12), 89, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

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CYCLES FROM 57/6 CASH OR EASY TERMS

THAT'S MY NEW YEAR OFFER to all readers of "John Bull." Select your cycle from the latest 1936 Models at lower prices and terms than Agents charge. Approval and Carriage Paid. Write NOW for Free Lists.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, Ltd., Dept. 3, COVENTRY.

RUG WOOLS

Cut into lengths ready for use (or in hanks). Cable and 6-fold, 168 shades. Send post-card for magnificent

FREE RUG BOOK

containing 112 Coloured Rug Designs, samples of Rug Wools, etc., etc.

READICUT Black from 1/- PER LB

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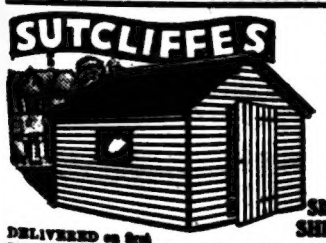

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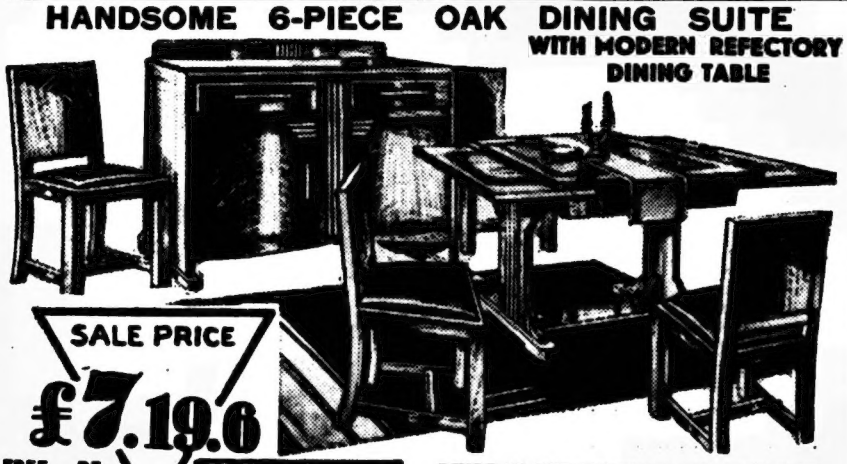
HANDSOME 6-PIECE OAK DINING SUITE WITH MODERN REFECTORY DINING TABLE



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No. S.P. 664.—A Handsome Suite, brilliantly polished in light Oak shade and solidly built throughout. The 4ft. SIDEBOARD is fitted with 2 drawers and a large cupboard, with shelves. Particular features of this attractive Suite are the panel-back saddle seat chairs and the Refectory table which extends to 5ft. x 3ft.

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DRESSING TABLE
FITTED CHEST
4 ft. BEDSTEAD & COIL SPRING

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SOLIDLY BUILT & WELL FINISHED

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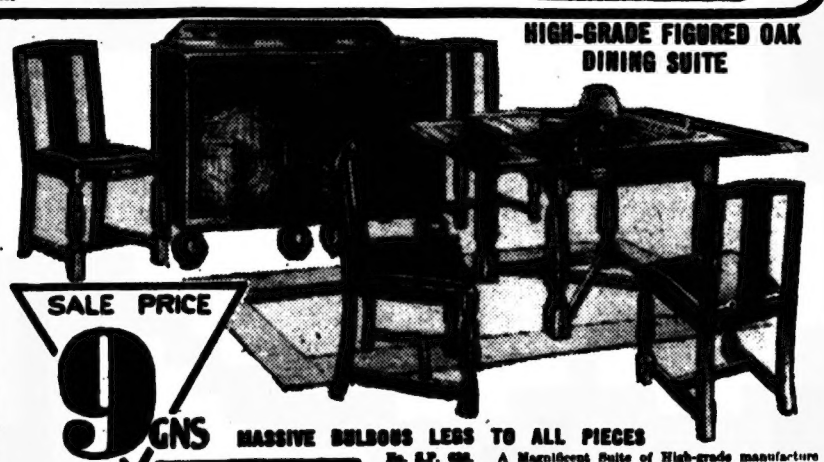

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WITH REXINE OUTSIDES

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FITTED WITH PULLMAN SPRUNG SEAT CUSHIONS

No. S.P. 603.—A well-made Suite in real cowhide with Rexine outsides. Well upholstered and sprung on sturdy frames and fitted with PULLMAN SPRUNG CUSHIONS in Velveteen. Notice the extra long comfortable seats. Settee 52 ins. wide. Easy Chair 32 ins. wide. Seats 23 ins. deep.

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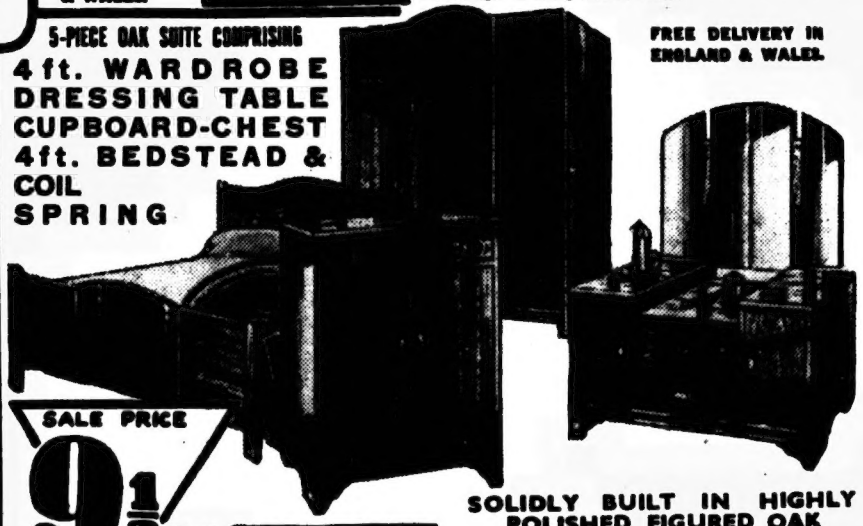
DRESSING TABLE
CUPBOARD-CHEST
4 ft. BEDSTEAD & COIL SPRING

FREE DELIVERY IN ENGLAND & WALES.



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No. S.P. 609.—A superior grade Suite built in nicely figured Oak and polished a rich Jacobean Brown. The 4 ft. Wardrobe is fitted with 2 shelves, hanger rails and sliding hooks and mirror inside door. A particular feature is the large Cupboard-Chest which is fitted with 2 large drawers and a useful cupboard with shelves.

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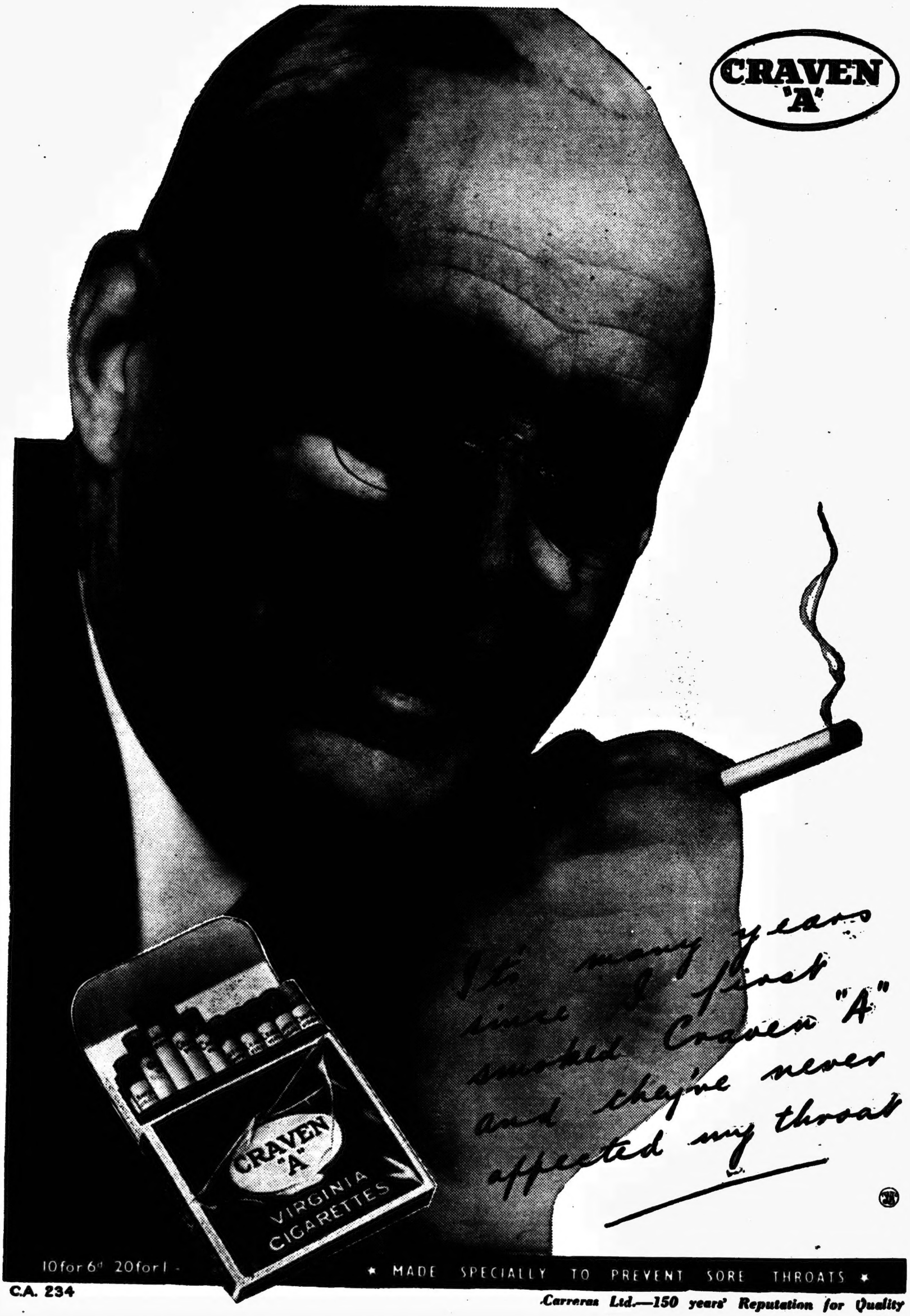
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THURSDAY

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And We'll DO IT AGAIN!

A Record *and a* Resolve

JOHN BULL'S New Year resolution is its old one—to carry on the fight against social evils and injustices of every description.

In that task, we know, we can rely upon the continued co-operation of our readers. With their loyal support, we have been able in the past twelve months not only to expose many wrongs but to get them righted, and we are proud to believe that, as a result, every section of the community has benefited.

But these achievements are not enough. However important they may be, there must be no slackening in the campaign for a more equitable and contented Britain.

We have raised questions to which the authorities' response, in our opinion, is unsatisfactory; there remain abuses which our rulers have not yet attempted to remedy. We shall continue to deal with such matters without fear or favour, and we shall not cease until the necessary reforms are accomplished.

For one thing, the hundreds of thousands of new house-buyers must be adequately protected against the bad builder. We have succeeded in getting Jerry on the run, but he must be driven out of the country.

Our series of articles on rotten building, published in the early part of 1935, was the beginning of the attack on this heartless exploiter of the nation's needs. Immediately we were inundated with letters from his victims, who, induced to sign a purchase agreement for some "desirable new house," and to sink their savings in the deposit, were soon confronted with crumbling walls, leaking roofs, unsafe ceilings, rotten floors.

Large numbers of them acted upon our suggestion and formed protection associations to take action in their common cause. Important newspapers, one by one, joined in the fray; then, thanks to Lord Strabolgi, JOHN BULL'S charges were heard in the House of Lords.

In his reply, the Government spokesman (Viscount Gage) said that the Government welcomed the debate and would give attention to all complaints brought before it. Since then, the Ministry of Health and various local authorities have been working to end the terrible scandal we exposed, and already the jerry-builder has been scared away from many of his unhappy hunting-grounds.

BUT we are aware that he still flourishes in other districts, and we have yet to obtain the regulations we demanded which would drive him out of business everywhere. To secure them must be one of our aims in 1936.

We turn next to that other rascal who preys upon the thrifty—the "dud" company promoter. Against him, too, JOHN BULL has scored a notable victory in the past year, for official action has at last been taken to safeguard the interests of the small investor.

In a letter sent by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Stock Exchange and other interested bodies (the first document of its kind ever sent to the City by a Cabinet Minister) emphatic warning was given on the need for vigilance against unsound flotations, and State help was promised in efforts to probe the prospects of new companies. Of this, too, we can say that an excellent beginning has been made, but that more restrictive legislation is required.

We make no such reservations, however, about the reform for which JOHN BULL has long waged a determined fight—the end of imprisonment for debt.

From the beginning of this year, no person will be jailed for the crime of poverty. Whether the debtor is a workless youth fined for playing football in the street, a woman who by a sudden change of fortune cannot pay her rates, or a man no longer able to obey a court order for wife maintenance—for all honest debtors there will no longer be the possibility of a prison ordeal.

This change will surely occupy an honoured place in British legal history, and we are naturally gratified that our efforts to secure it have been successful. But we shall watch the operation of the new regulations to see that no latitude is given to the dishonest debtors who can afford to pay but have no intention of doing so.

As infamous an injustice as the jailing of a man for being poor, you may think, was the pauperising of decent citizens in the belated drive against the slums.

You may remember some of the poignant stories unfolded in these columns . . . of small shopkeepers whose livelihood was lost, after years of patient work and honest service, by the removal of all their customers under slum clearance schemes; of old people who had lost every penny of their life savings and were reduced to destitution because they had bought small property which, though kept in good repair, happened to be in an area scheduled for demolition.

Though yielding to none in our anxiety to see the slums swept away, we championed the cause of the clearance victims and demanded redress. Now Sir Kingsley Wood has made special provision for fair compensation in all such cases.

Of wider interest — affecting six million homes—was our exposure of the nation-wide muddle of electricity supply and prices. We called for a Government committee to overhaul the whole system. Within a few weeks this body was set up; though it failed to include a single representative of the private electricity consumer, and decided to hold its proceedings in private! Unless its findings are to our satisfaction, we shall hold ourselves at liberty to resume the attack.

In much the same spirit we await the report of the homework enquiry—an investigation ordered by the Board of Education after our denunciation of the illness and nervous strain suffered by youngsters owing to excessive evening tasks.

And soon, we may hope, there will be an end of the "verdicts that brand the innocent" and of the virtual trials for murder in coroners' courts. For the committee appointed after our criticism of these abuses is expected to recommend drastic reforms.

Some months ago, again, to a Select Committee of the House of Lords came witnesses to testify to the truth of our repeated allegations that bogus house agents convicted of criminal offences start business under another name directly they come out of jail, that a large number of business transfer agencies exist only to fleece the public, that "mock auctions" are still carried on with impunity in our towns. The Committee, in its report, recommended a tightening of the law, and we hope this will be done in the near future.

WE condemned the licence allowed to broadcasting comedians in jesting about physical deformities, and this resulted in quick B.B.C. action, and such jests are now banned. More recently, an enquiry has been set up into the Gretna Green marriage methods, and thus another demand is receiving attention.

We may claim with justification, too, that our exposures of the audacious plans concocted by tricksters to exploit the King's Silver Jubilee saved thousands of persons from being defrauded. And, we need hardly say, many of the public pests exposed in our columns were brought to justice, some being sentenced to long terms of penal servitude.

1935, in short, was a triumphant JOHN BULL year. Now for 1936!

"John Bull's" Big "Bag" in 1935. Now for 1936!

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

A Flying 'Baby' Ratepayers Shouldn't Carry

Peer With a Load of Nonsense

Mother We Can All Pity

MASS anger is rising in the country over the Government's schemes for the protection of the civil population in air-raids.

It is not the desirability or adequacy of the proposed precautions that is provoking hostility but the attempt being made to foist the high cost of them upon local rates instead of upon Imperial taxes.

Local authorities everywhere—urban and county alike—are pouring in protests and refusals to the Home Office and the Treasury. These departments are embarrassed by the bluntness of the comments upon the financial clauses of the schemes, but they seem determined to make the ratepayers responsible.

Serious clash

The clash is a serious one, and is likely to have the unfortunate result of delaying the introduction of even the most necessary measures of public safety.

It must not be thought that in other respects the co-operation of local authorities is lacking or weak. In most districts, indeed, there is far greater enthusiasm for the plans than has been evinced in London.

Voluntary organisations are everywhere expanding their normal policy and functions to cope with the demands of the new service, and local officers are throwing themselves whole-heartedly into the new duties required of them.

Heavy costs

Opposition to the principle of the cost falling upon local ratepayers is being stiffened by the fact that no indication is given of the ultimate extent of the liability.

The schedule of expenditure for the part of the official schemes already made known is severe enough in itself, but the Home Office is still engaged in the preparation of an immense amount of memoranda dealing with the different phases of the question which is likely to require a substantial but undefined further commitment.

Sooner or later the Government will have to bow before the demand that the burden of air-raid precautions should be a national one, just as it had to give way in the matter of liability for public assistance to the unemployed.

Unjust burden

When a country has war made upon it in these days, it is no longer defended only by its fighting services. The civil population is, in fact, the most vulnerable part of the military machine, and every town and village is treated as if it were a fortification or garrison centre.

What would be the reaction of the citizens of, say, Dover or Chatham to a proposal that they should be responsible for the defence of these places? The case is now no different with the ratepayers of Wigan or Wishaw.

But the Government's intention to impose the burden on the rates is to be condemned on the ground alone that the areas least able to afford the cost of the schemes would have the smallest measure of defence and safety.

Happy start

The New Year has opened well for several classes of workers.

Bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, busmen, tram-drivers, and several others had increases in their wages on New Year's Day. By permitting more spending these increases should benefit the whole country.

A peer's onslaught

But we fear they will merely increase the gloom of Lord Monkswell. He is the gentleman who, some months ago, announced that railwaymen were overpaid.

His latest criticism is more sweeping, for it is directed against the great mass of the nation: "The Government are caught in a vicious circle of being obliged to go on paying the working classes of this country wages they do not earn; to do this they have to force down the reward of capital, which, in many cases, has reached vanishing point."

Gas-masks—one form of air defence. But why charge them up to the ratepayer?

Pampered ease

No doubt there are still some folk who believe that miners, signalmen, engineers, and all others who do not occupy a director's chair, are overpaid slackers enjoying a life of pampered ease.

To them Lord Monkswell's opinions will seem too restrained. More enlightened business men, fortunately, realise that industry's first rewards must go to the workers.

And they will regret, we think, that such views should be aired in the House of Lords at a time when a great body of workers—the miners—are trying to obtain the bare living wage they more than earn.

Benefactor

Another of industry's peers occupies a happier place in the news. He is Lord Nuffield, motor magnate and public benefactor.

In the past ten years he has given away a million pounds; now, it is revealed, he has provided £125,000 to prevent children becoming lifelong cripples. Most of the money will be spent in the next five years in curing cripples in districts where this work is not at present undertaken.

He could not have chosen a nobler way to put the rising generation in his debt.

A mother in despair

From the heights of wealth, descend to the depths of poverty.

Visit the house of a young Swansea mother of five children, whose husband is unemployed. She pays £1 a week rent and 7s. 9d. a week rates for it. The other day she was arrested for stealing £5 11s. in postal orders. She said to the detective. "All the money I had I gave to the landlord."

Mercy

Her only good fortune, it seems to us, is that she came before a merciful Bench. The magistrates, expressing great sympathy with her, bound her over for two years. On hearing this decision the woman fainted.

That case would be tragic enough if it were unique. But there are thousands of people—and not only among the ranks of the unemployed—who are suffering under the burden of a rental far beyond their means. Can nothing be done to remedy that scandal?

Harried

Another question: Is it the duty of the police, after a person has served a prison sentence and obtained work, to inform the employer of the conviction?

Cases occur with melancholy regularity in which men who are arrested on the vague charge of "suspicious behaviour," tell the courts that they have been harried and lost situation after situation because their employers were made aware of their history.

A sad instance at Croydon brings this matter to a head.

The charge

A man who was last convicted fifteen months ago for sleeping out, was brought up on a charge of loitering and the police asked that he should be dealt with as an incorrigible rogue.

A woman who had given him work as a gardener came forward and stated that he had been in her service only a week when the police informed her that she was employing a convicted man.

She had found him completely honest and industrious.

Ruling wanted

The magistrates refused to entertain the police application that the man should be committed.

In different areas the police have contrary ideas about their obligations. A Home Office ruling is clearly called for.

Climb down

Following the Government's surrender to public opinion in foreign affairs, comes a surrender equally complete on the home front.

The notorious "1437" is dead. This was the circular which declared, in effect, that poor children should have to undergo a trial period of starvation before they could obtain free meals at school.

Now, the Board of Education announces, "provision may properly be made for any child who shows any symptoms (of malnutrition), whether educational or physical, however slight."

A belated recognition of the claims of humanity!

Not so simple

Still more belated is the report being prepared by the committee which has been trying to simplify income tax regulations.

The committee has been sitting for seven years, and we have sometimes wondered if it had lost itself among the intricacies of its subject.

And, since we are told that its report will run into hundreds of pages, we may need another committee to simplify the findings of the simplification committee.

The Fragrant Minute

NEW YEAR'S HERE!

WELL, the New Year's here, with the same grey skies, with the same cold fear, with the same old lies. Yes, the New Year's here with same old rain, with the same old cold, and the same old pain, and the lack of gold. Yes, the year is new again!

Well, the New Year's here with the same gold sun, and there's starshine near when the day is done; yes, the New Year's here with the same old hope, and the same old smile that forbids us mope one inch of the mile. Yes, the year is here in great good style!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Choosing the best

But we must congratulate Middlesex Education Committee on giving a lead in the direction of one of the most overdue educational reforms.

In future it will pick clever scholars from council schools for secondary education not on the basis of a single examination, but on their school work over a period of years.

A child may fluke through one exam., but not through a whole school career.

Unclaimed money

How much money lies unclaimed in the Ministry of Pensions' coffers? Hundreds of pounds—thousands of pounds?

Consider the case of the disabled ex-Serviceman who, awarded a final weekly allowance and a terminal gratuity, dies before the gratuity becomes payable. The rest of the allowance and the gratuity are only handed to his widow on application, and only if she isn't eligible for widow's pension.

Many people are not aware that they can apply for such sums, and we fail to see why the latter cannot be paid without formal application.

Unfair

But we may see an end to the official trick of offering jobs to unemployed girls hundreds of miles away, and then stopping their "dole" if they refuse to go.

A North Wales silk worker was offered a job as a biscuit packer 200 miles away at 4s. a week less than her old silk wage. She has appealed against the refusal of her benefit, and the umpire in Whitehall has decided in her favour.

We hope this means that girls will be able to refuse such jobs without jeopardising their "dole."

Long walk

There is probably every reason why motorists should pass the casual wayfarer who seeks a lift. Yet think of Henry Belton, a Peckham lorry driver.

His job lost because of a small road offence, he walked 120 miles to answer the summons at Darlaston, Staffs, and then collapsed.

Strange when you think of the thousands of lorry-drivers passing him who were afraid to pick up the tired figure trudging by the hedgerows!

Blind alleys

A fine idea comes from Tyneside. A group of industrialists is going to tackle the problem of boys in blind-alley occupations.

They are trying to find permanent jobs for as many as possible without going behind trade union agreements on the number of apprentices allowed in an industry.

Here is something worth copying in other towns.

In the old oak chest

America has learnt so much from us that it would be foolish not to take notice of the "community chest" idea raging there.

Briefly, citizens place in the chest what they can afford towards the various social agencies of the town. "Dud" charities are cut out, honest efforts get bigger help because co-ordination minimises wasteful expenditure. And—the chest appealing to the imagination—more money is subscribed.

Would it work over here?

Very dear

You have probably heard of the Grampians as a natural source of energy.

Well, the town of Turriff is in the Grampians, and the local council has been asked to pay 8d. a unit for electricity to light the council chamber.

We are wondering if it will be worth harnessing all our natural sources of energy if the harness costs more than coal.

Old Age Pensions —SHOCKING DISCLOSURES

The pensions scheme is riddled with injustices, and until it is overhauled many of the aged need all their courage to face a future that must look bleak to them

by J. W. Banfield, M.P.

WHEN Mr. Lloyd George first brought in the Pensions Act, it was generally hoped that, following the modest beginning then made, a comprehensive scheme would soon be evolved which would banish for ever the dread fear overshadowing so many of our aged people.

Various improvements and extensions, in fact, have since been made, but it scarcely needs me to point out that the hope once so universally entertained has not yet been realised.

The original vision, which called upon the community as a whole to ensure that every one of its members, whatever his or her station, should be able to look forward with confidence to a last few years of comparative ease, entirely free from all toil, anxiety and want, is still very far from being an accomplished fact.

That is bad enough.

It is even worse that the present meagre pension arrangements are riddled with evident injustice, and are operated in many cases with an incredibly savage disregard of all human feeling.

Widespread discontent exists throughout the country, I am convinced, not only with the inadequacy of the present Old Age Pension, but with the inequitable and unnecessarily harsh regulations which often rob contributors of benefits for which they have paid, or to which, in common fairness, they are obviously entitled.

Reports were published recently in a national newspaper of a speech I made on this important matter, and I was astonished to receive, within a few days afterwards, a shoal of letters from all over Britain bearing bitter witness to the evils I had denounced.

ON the aspect of the pitiful insufficiency of the Old Age Pension, for instance, here is a letter from a man in Carnarvon:

"It is hard to spare a stamp to write to you. Believe me, I don't know how I manage to exist. I can still work if I can find it, but now I am sixty-five nothing comes my way except the 10s. pension. I am a widower and have never had a day's work for five years. I've cut my meals down to one a day and suppose I've got to fight on somehow with this 10s. till I peg out. Is this Christ's teaching?"

A couple living at Leamington, both drawing the Old Age Pension, find things just as difficult. This is what the man says:

"I assure you it is positive hell trying to exist on 20s. a week for a man and wife who have been used to things decent like. After paying rent, coal, gas and life insurance, we have only 7s. a week left to feed two people on. This is the honest truth. I leave you to imagine what our existence is like. We often get only one meal a day and that of the cheapest kind.

"If the Government, instead of spending millions of pounds on armaments, would increase the Old Age Pension, it would brighten the last days of many old folk like us who are worried to death trying desperately to make ends meet."

NOW consider the complaint of another correspondent, who lives at Walsall, Staffs, and see if you can find any answer to his argument:

"It is the unemployed man who suffers most. I have been married twenty-eight years, and have paid all National Health and Unemployment contributions without missing once until I reached age of sixty-four, when I was thrown on the scrap-heap. I had been with the same firm for close on thirty years. Going on the Labour, I got 25s. a week for myself and wife. At sixty-five I was given the Old Age Pension of 10s. a week—a loss of 15s. We can't get the pension for the wife because she is not quite as old as me.

"Surely this is like giving with one hand and taking away with the other, so I am worse off now than before. The struggle is hard, but we haven't yet been on the P.A.C. and would rather die first."

Many more of these heartrending letters refer to the unfairness of the regulations which deny the pension to both man and wife in cases where the wife is younger than sixty-five. Here is a typical letter from a man at West Bromwich:

"I have worked hard at a skilled trade for forty-eight years, spent carefully, saved all I could, and have a small house which, thank God, is all my own. Savings all gone ten years ago.

"Six years back I became totally unemployed through the works closing down and I haven't done a day since, although I am continually seeking work. Now I am sixty-six, but my wife is only sixty-three.

"The case of the unemployed pensioner who is struggling to keep himself and wife on a miserable 10s. weekly simply because his wife happens not to be old enough to claim for pension is a damnable scandal."

A man at Kendal writes in the same strain:

"I am in my seventieth year but my wife is only in her sixtieth. Yet we have to go on for another five years before she will get her pension. This is very hard.

"If I hadn't been able to purchase our house by strict economy we should by now be on the P.A.C., and God knows we don't want to go there. We of the older generation who have worked strenuously for nearly sixty years surely deserve a finish to life a bit better than this without all this load of worry on us."

The next letter is from a Worcester woman:

"I am a widow sixty-five years old. My husband died in 1930 and was then unemployed solely through depression in his trade. I am deprived of the widow's pension as he had not sufficient stamps on because we needed the money for bread. Is this justice?"

Equally poignant is this cry from Liverpool:

"There are thousands of us poor widows who toil at offices cleaning from 5 a.m. all the year round to earn a few shillings to keep body and soul together because their husbands did not come under the Act. Why cannot we get the pension on our insurance stamps, say, over five years?

"The men have only to have three years' stamps and then their wives would receive the pension. It is a disgrace to our country, the rottenness of it all. We have to live somehow, and we old women would willingly give up our jobs to younger women and take them off the 'dole' or relief if we got the pension."

Can there be any valid argument against granting a pension to a woman who has done all that her husband could have done had he been alive?

The tragedy of the widows of men who, when alive, were not insured persons, also is extremely hard. Here is a really pathetic letter from a Birmingham woman, revealing that no relaxation of the regulations is made even in cases where the disability has no other cause than that a man served his country:

"Don't think this is a begging letter. My husband came out of the Army broken down in health. He tried hard to get well and went to many convalescent homes, but the gas was in his lungs and it was no use.

"I worked and kept my man and four children by going out charing. As time went on my husband got a bit better and could do a few hours' gardening.

"Then about three years ago he suddenly got a bad cough. He thought it was consumption. He could bear up no longer and committed suicide. It was a terrible blow to us. I am fifty now. Do you think I shall get the pension?"

To be frank, I have not found courage to write to this brave soul and tell her that as her husband was not insured she will be ineligible for a pension until she is seventy.

AMONG my correspondence is another letter from a woman whose husband is about seventy, but who never was a contributor under the Act of 1925. He is now unable to work. He has the Old Age Pension of 10s. and his wife, who also is ailing, is obliged to go out caretaking.

Now let me disclose the utterly wicked manner this couple have been dealt with. *The result of that woman of sixty-six going out to work to help her sick husband is that, under the rules governing the pension at seventy, the man's 10s. pension is cut down to 4s. a week!*

The most appalling cases of all, however, are the many in which inhuman employers reduce a man's wages by 10s. a week as soon as he has qualified for the Old Age Pension. During my election campaign I mentioned this grave abuse and confirmed that it is by no means uncommon.

The underlying idea of giving an Old Age Pension first at seventy, and then a contributory pension at sixty-five, was that it would do something to provide for people in their old age. But it has not worked out that way.

I am informed that of practically 500,000 people now receiving pensions under the contributory scheme, more than half are working for varying periods.

I submit there is an irrefutable case for overhauling the whole question of pensions, and, further, that there is an urgent need of realisation by the Government that old age provision is required by many other classes of the community who now live in constant fear of to-morrow.

The World CRISIS

by A. G. Gardiner

"GREET the unseen with a cheer!" says Browning in his buoyant way. But even Browning, if he were with us, would find it difficult to cheer the advent of the New Year very confidently. He would have to admit that the old year had about as black a record as any in the calendar of the years. It began badly, it continued worse, and it went out leaving a legacy of mischief behind it that darkens the New Year.

But, being a sensible person, he would refuse to "cry over spilt milk," would face the facts, and would try to see how we could make a better job of 1936 than we have made of 1935. Let us do the same.

What is the outstanding lesson of the year that has come to such an ominous climax? It is that the peace of the world hangs by a thread, and that the thread is nearer breaking to-day than at any time since the Great War. It is nearer breaking because the events of 1935 have revealed a fatal flaw in our peace armour.

Briefly stated, the flaw is this: *Economic sanctions alone cannot prevent war.* Behind the sanctions there must be the will and the weapon to enforce them. If there is not this will and this weapon, economic sanctions are as ineffective as bows and arrows would be against machine-guns.

This is the stark fact that emerges from the crisis that flared up so sensationally on the eve of Christmas. That crisis is too fresh in our minds to need retelling. It came to a head when Mussolini threatened to turn his machine-guns on economic sanctions and called the bluff of the League of Nations.

For the truth is that throughout the tragedy of 1935 it was not Mussolini who was bluffing: it was the League. He held the loaded gun and was prepared to shoot. The League's gun was unloaded, and it was not prepared to shoot.

Hence the storm—the ill-omened visit of Sir Samuel Hoare to M. Laval, the monstrous Paris plan, with its surrender to the aggressor and its punishment of the aggressor's victim, the wave of indignation that swept this country, the humiliation of the Government, the repudiation of the plan and the fall of Sir Samuel.

Triumph denied

The storm has passed. An outraged public opinion has saved the situation for a moment. But the immediate victory is with Mussolini.

His brigand war in Abyssinia is, I rejoice to say, flagging badly. The swift and spectacular triumph he bargained for has been denied him. His mighty mechanised army is at a standstill in the sands of the south and the savage mountain lands of the north. His aeroplanes drop thousands of bombs on hospitals and open towns, but air raids cannot conquer a fierce nomadic people, and the Abyssinians are showing that they can defend themselves without the help of sanctions. It is not improbable that Abyssinia will be the Waterloo of the new Napoleon.

But in his conflict with the League Mussolini has won. He has spiked its guns. He has never loved the League and has never concealed the fact.

He is the foe of peace as he is the foe of liberty. He is a dictator and a militarist.

Trump card

In neither rôle does he want an organised peace system to tie his hands and make him subject to restraints imposed by a European super-State. The example of Japan in the Far East and the example of Germany encouraged him to launch his Abyssinian adventure in defiance of the League.

He calculated that he had got Laval in his pocket, and that he could rely on France queering the pitch for the League and keeping his home front and supplies secure.

This was his trump card, and he played it with a confident truculence that left Europe gasping. Never before had it been confronted with this arrogance and contempt. By comparison with Mussolini, the German Kaiser of pre-war days was a modest and conciliatory person.

Geneva hoped that it was all a stupendous bluff, and that when he saw that the League was serious he would come down from his high horse and talk reasonably.

But the more Geneva pleaded, the more contemptuous and domineering Mussolini became. He announced that he would conquer Abyssinia "with the League, without the League or against the League." And, confident in his grip on France, he proceeded to carry out his threat.

Then this country did a wise and courageous thing. It had played the lackey to France for twenty-five years, and had danced to whatever tune Paris called. Most of the tragedy of post-war events in Europe is due to that fact.

But now it took the reins out of the hands of France, and on its initiative Geneva replied to the defiance of Mussolini by imposing economic sanctions. They were not of a kind that would have an immediate effect on the war, but even at this stage Laval had no heart in the business. He had to be dragged unwillingly into line at every step.

Then came the break. At the threat of oil sanctions Mussolini played his ace. Unlike the other sanctions, the embargo on oil would have an immediate effect on the war, and Mussolini promptly called upon Laval to forbid it.

And Laval, hovering between fear

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

ONCE a gentleman in khaki, ordered south,
Could look down with an arrogance sublime
On those who murdered Kruger with the mouth,
Or won the war with patriotic rhyme;
For the lasses then were willing
If a lad would take the shilling
To assist him spend it in his leisure time!

All the girls then loved a soldier or a Tar,
For both were reckoned gallant lads and gay;
But Tommy Atkins don't know where he are
In dealing with the damsel of to-day!
Though he smiles at her and chivies,
She goes walking out with "civvies"—
Little wonder that recruiting's dropped away!

Oh, give us back those happy years of yore—
If only to save Colonel Herbert pain—
When Tommy took his pick from half a score
Of damsels, tuppence coloured, penny plain!
For *per*-haps the smiles of Beauty
Will to military duty

TOMMY AND DOLLY

Call our absent-minded beggars back again!

Colonel the Honourable George Herbert, of the 4th Battalion Wilts Regiment, is filled with dolour when he contemplates the way of a modern maid with a man, for he is convinced that this is one of the reasons for the falling off in Territorial recruiting.

"I am sorry to see," he says, "that girls don't set the same store by a soldier that they used to. In the good old days every girl loved a soldier or a sailor, and a darn good thing, too!"

Just how much justification there is for this complaint it is difficult to say. But probably neither girls nor their boy friends take quite the romantic view of matters military that prevailed in the days when De Wet was in the news and the world was less emphatically in the soup.

Then one was either a soldier of the Queen or a flannelled fool (in summer) and (in winter) a muddied oaf.

And if a uniform has lost some of its glamour for girls it seems likely that that go-thither look in the eyes of females who did-not-want-to-lose-us-but-thought-we-ought-to-go is also less potent.

Mars and Cupid, in fact, are no longer good companions, and if asked to fight another war to make the world safe for armament manufacturers, those civvies whose amorous activities annoy the Hon. Col. will have to be reached by some more convincing appeal than sentimental sex appeal.

Though I love you well enough, Dolly Grey,
They can't work the good old bluff, Dolly Grey;
Though you smile your sweetest smile,
I will linger yet awhile
Ere I join the rank and file,
Dolly Grey!

And if you but use your brain, Dolly Grey,
You won't play their game again, Dolly Grey;
If the time should come when I
Am required to "do and die,"
Then I'll know the reason why,
Dolly Grey!

S—the ONLY WAY

Who Stands by Britain?

Britain and France—M. Laval and Mr. Eden leave for Geneva. And to escape the peril that hangs over Europe they must give sanctions the authority of force. But Britain alone cannot do it. All must join and help

f Germany, fidelity to the League, ependence on England and dread of Mussolini, decided that it was better o risk the anger of Geneva than the esentment of Mussolini. Geneva would not hit back: Mussolini would. For weeks Laval had been shuffling to evade any commitment to support the British fleet in the Mediterranean in the event of an attack on it by Italy. Now he definitely declined to support oil sanctions, and inveigled Sir Samuel Hoare into acceptance of the Paris plan, with the consequent storm that was only allayed with the fall of Hoare and the recantation of Mr. Baldwin.

Blow to League

And now where do we stand? The Paris plan has gone before a whirlwind of opprobrium. It is rejected by the Government, by the League, by Abyssinia, even by Italy, for Mussolini wants more than it gave. Therein, I think, he has blundered. If he had accepted the terms as a basis of discussion forthwith, before public opinion in this country had rejected them, he would have made the position of our own Government much more difficult.

But if the Paris plan is dead, so also are oil sanctions. France, at the command of Mussolini, has killed them. And with their rejection, the prestige of the League has suffered a shattering blow.

How far that blow is final remains to be seen. That the League front is broken is clear. That its *moral* is profoundly shaken is equally clear.

It is not only that oil sanctions are put in cold storage. The existing sanctions are in danger. And Geneva is faced with the fact that the League cannot hope to win a war of economic sanctions without being prepared, in the last resort, to impose them by force.

That has been the weakness of the League position throughout. It is obvious that a burglar with a gun, with which he is prepared to blow the other's brains out, is at an advantage with a householder who has nothing but a threat of legal proceedings to defend himself with. Mussolini has gambled throughout on the conviction that the League front would break at the challenge of war. His gamble has won on the critical issue of oil.

What is to prevent him following up his victory by repeating his threat in regard to the existing sanctions? They, as we know, are not so immediate in their effect as oil sanctions would be. But they will be effective in the long run.

And it is the long run that Mussolini has to fear. He must win, and win soon, if he is to win at all. And he is not winning.

If Abyssinia can hold him at bay until March brings the rains, his armies will be waterlogged in the mountains. The farther advanced they are, the greater will be the difficulties of transport.

And when the dry season returns in the autumn Mussolini will have to begin again, hampered with all the disillusion and disappointment of a year of failure. Hampered, too, by the fact that the sanctions already in force are beginning to tell, and may well be the decisive factor in his defeat.

Can he run this risk? May he not be tempted to say, "If I can't beat Abyssinia, I can beat the League. I compelled them to drop the oil sanctions. By the same threat I can compel them to drop all sanctions"?

This is not an idle speculation. No one watching events in Italy can be unaware of the gathering resentment against the present sanctions. They are being attacked in the Press with increasing bitterness, and the demand that they shall be fought is heard on all hands.

Let us suppose that Mussolini decides on another gamble. Let us suppose that he turns the screw once more on France, and says, "Lift the sanctions, or ——" And suppose France goes to Geneva and says she can no longer be a party to the sanctions. What then? Will the League surrender as it has surrendered now?

Bluff

But, leaving that possibility out of the question, Geneva is faced with the fact that Article 16 of the League Covenant has broken down. It cannot be decisively enforced unless the League is prepared not only to impose sanctions, *but to fight for them.*

That is the cold logic of the matter. It is not a new discovery for the League. It has been aware of it from the beginning. It was aware of it when it imposed the present sanctions. It did not grapple with it for the obvious reason that it feared to put the issue to the touch. It imposed what it thought it could safely impose without raising the question of armed backing.

In short, it was bluffing, and when Mussolini called the bluff, with the knowledge that he could rely on France to stand aside, he disclosed the inherent weakness of the League's position. He showed that economic sanctions, unfortified by the will to enforce them, in the last resort, by arms, are incapable of preventing war.

That is the position that confronts the League and the world at the opening of the New Year.

What will Geneva do about it? Can it fortify sanctions with force, and so make them a preventive of war? Or must it regard its experiment as a failure and rest content to be a mere advisory body, holding a brief for peace, doing its best to compose differences, but helpless to stop the aggressor, protect the aggrieved or preserve the peace.

If the latter is all that is possible—if, that is, economic sanctions have to be written off as a failure—then the dictators and the war-makers have Europe at their mercy.

Hitler waits

The question touches much more than the Italo-Abyssinian struggle. That is only the prologue. In the thought of all our minds there is a much more formidable figure than Mussolini casting its shadow over Europe.

It is the figure of Hitler backed by the might of Germany. He is standing scrupulously outside this quarrel, aloof from the League, indifferent to which side wins, confident that in either case he will be the gainer.

He is a dictator like Mussolini, and, like Mussolini, his prestige must rest on conquest. His time is coming, and all central and eastern Europe is quivering with apprehension for the future.

If the League, as an effective instrument for the prevention of war, fails at the challenge of Mussolini, the path for Hitler will be plain and unobstructed. Geneva is the only power that can restrain him, and if Geneva is put out of action by Mussolini, it will be dumb and futile when the far greater emergency comes.

There is only one escape from the peril that overhangs Europe. It is to rehabilitate the League, and give its economic sanctions the authority of force.

That is our policy. But we cannot alone implement that policy. In this crisis, as we have been told, "not a man or a ship" has been moved by any country other than our own. That must not happen again. If the League is to be saved, all must be prepared, not only to impose sanctions, but to fight for them.

Above all, France must be "for the League, the whole League, and nothing but the League." If she is not, then the League, as a power for peace, is doomed. France will go her own way and we shall go ours.

You've Won Us, All Right!

JOHN BULL'S
Open Letter to
J. E. Manchester
(Captain of the All Blacks).

DEAR MANCHESTER,—Writing as one sportsman to another, I hope that our England fifteen will give you and your fellow All Blacks the game of a lifetime when you meet at Twickenham on Saturday, in the last match of your tour.

I won't wish you "luck" because you don't need it or want it. But I do wish you, what I know you will get—a clean-fought, thrilling struggle applauded by a crowd of enthusiasts without a "barracker" among them.

When you and the rest of the All Blacks sailed from New Zealand to make this tour, you must have felt inspired by your country's magnificent record in international "Rugger." Out of 243 matches you had won 212 and, though we had fifty years' start of you, we have had to give you best almost consistently since you first visited us thirty years ago.

Did you listen, I wonder, to the veterans as they broadcast their impressions of that epic match against Wales in 1905, when Teddy Morgan crossed the line and a delirious crowd acclaimed the only victory that was ours to boast against the first All Blacks?

Strange to think that the men of your team were not born when that match was played.

And yet it is so much a part of Rugby history that you must almost seem to remember it, as, of course, you do remember the tour of 1924, when the All Blacks held an unbeaten record which even Wales was not strong enough to break.

You have lived up to a high tradition which was not lowered in the least when Wales won the "rubber" at Cardiff the other day by a single point. For throughout your tour we have been privileged to watch Rugger at its best and most exciting, and the game counts more than any record.

☆ ☆ ☆

Swansea also took its "revenge" this time, but you would be the last to grudge us a couple of matches. Moreover, comparisons between team and bygone team can never be safely made, and I am inclined to think that your fellows have had to meet a stronger competition over here than did your predecessors.

For that matter I do not care a button about results in themselves. What counts in all sport, but even more particularly in inter-Empire events, is the spirit of dead keen but still friendly rivalry.

That spirit has been manifest in this tour, as it has been in New Zealand Rugby all along.

I am utterly without any snobbish prejudice against professionals in sport, for I know many of the "pros" to be as good sportsmen as any "gentleman" in the country. Nevertheless, I am glad to think that Rugby has survived as *the* game for amateurs and that it draws such enormous crowds.

☆ ☆ ☆

You and the other All Blacks are representative of all classes in New Zealand. There are clerks among you—farmers, butchers, a civil servant, a gold prospector, a company director and a stereotyper.

That is as it should be, and I am glad to know that when your selectors make their pick of the very pick of the talent, the New Zealand public, including the employers, rally in support, so that n man among you need fear to lose a jo by accepting an international cap.

It is an honour to play for one' country and youth ought to be served a far as possible when that honour fall upon it. For the honour also carrie responsibilities.

A tour such as yours may promot good feeling and comradeship, or it ma do exactly the reverse.

This can be said to you with a candour since you will leave none bu friends behind you. Would that th whole story of international sport mad equally happy reading!

Whatever the outcome of Saturday' match, I am sure that you will all carr back happy memories of your sta among us.

☆ ☆ ☆

The Prince of Wales himself wel comed you at York House soon afte your arrival, and since then, if you ha not been in strict training all the time you would have been overwhelmed wit social invitations of all kinds.

Actually, I am told, half a dozen o more of your fine young men had to g in for a little slimming treatment afte the voyage across, when they couldn get all the exercise needful to youn giants. Did not Collins go on board a fourteen stone thirteen, and tip the scal at sixteen stone when he landed?

That did not prevent any of you fro taking the field fighting fit, and thoug you have contrived, as usual, to wi most of your matches, I don't doubt tha our own Rugger men have given you a the exercise you needed ever since.

And now for Twickenham! May yo have a great game in grand weathe And may I be there to see the best sid win.

JOHN BULL.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister for Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—A tenant of a cottage near Stockton recently wrote to you complaining of the "beastly conditions" of his home.

With a promptitude that must have delighted him, you directed officials to inspect the cottage and have since ordered that if the necessary repairs are not carried out by the owner, a demolition order must be issued.

That is excellent—and as it should be. Indeed, I should like to see more direct communication between the heads of Government departments and the humble voter who put them there.

JOHN BULL.

Lord WILLIAM CECIL,
Bishop of Exeter

MY LORD,—Continuing your defence of stag-hunting, you say it is unjust to call this sport a degrading pursuit, because the Church has never condemned it. What an argument!

To mention only two instances, the Church failed to condemn slave owning and the employment of women and children in mines. Indeed, the bishops actually voted against the abolition of those inhuman practices.

Must the Church always lag behind enlightened public opinion?

JOHN BULL.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT
Chairman, Middlesex Hospital

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—I agree that no recognised hospital should have to pay rates. Municipal hospitals are not only derated but subsidised, while those whose funds are supplied by private generosity are treated as though they were purely commercial undertakings.

This you describe as a fantastic anachronism.

It is, and why it was not swept away when the Derating Act was passed is only known by our business minded legislators.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HAROLD COUSINS,
Kennington, London

DEAR HAROLD,—Paralysed nine years ago by an accident when acting in a film, a promising player—Fred Leon—has just died after much privation and suffering. He had insisted that his wife, a music-hall artist, should go on working in order to provide for their daughter.

In her absence, you devoted yourself to the care of the stricken man through those agonising years, although yourself often in sore straits due to unemployment.

Your purse may be shrunken, but your heart is admirably capacious.

JOHN BULL.

EROS,
Piccadilly Circus

DEAR LAD,—Niggards are never beauty lovers, as you have been painfully aware during the reigns of the successive L.C.C.s which limited your fountain displays to a miserly four hours on summer Saturdays only.

Now, with a more enlightened council in power, your cascades are to delight our eyes for eight hours every day in the year, and your charm as the centre of the Empire's hub will be correspondingly enhanced. Aren't you pleased?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. WAIN,
National Farmers' Union

DEAR PRESIDENT,—So you complain that such nursery rhymes as "Little Bo-Peep" and "Three Blind Mice" hold farmers and other country folk up to ridicule. And apparently you are in deadly earnest.

Now, I know quite a few rural workers; I have never found them to be lacking in a sense of humour or cowed down by the harmless nonsense which most of us recite to our children.

And they will be the first to chuckle, I fancy, at your peculiar whimsy.

JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS,
Stoke-on-Trent Council

GENTLEMEN,—Congratulations on refusing to travel first class at the ratepayers' expense, even though your finance committee has recommended it.

You'll meet in the third class more of the people whose interests you serve. That contact is worth something, and you can safely afford to ignore the taunt of "infra dig" made by one of the first class advocates.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Mr. Shinwell, M.P., tells you of a man who had his unemployment allowance reduced by 3s. 6d. a week because he had a son living in the same neighbourhood.

This son, said the authorities, "must be assumed to be contributing towards his father's upkeep." Definite evidence was produced that this was not so, but the father had to suffer the reduction.

And you assert, "I cannot interfere." What are you for, then?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. STUART RODGER,
Manchester County Coroner

DEAR MR. RODGER,—A motorist dares not blow his horn at night—a pedestrian wanders in front of the car and is killed.

At the inquest you asked the motorist if he didn't know that there are higher laws than man-made laws.

I, for my part, wonder why the legislature does not recognise this fact.

JOHN BULL.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL TRUST,
Edinburgh

DEAR SIRS,—You have just bought the field of Bannockburn, parts of Glencoe, and are negotiating for other historic Scottish sites. What about Culloden Field? At present it is used as a car park for tourists, litter is left about, damage may be done unhindered.

Inverness Council is going to erect notices asking the public to respect this Scottish shrine. But should it not be acquired for the nation?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. C. JEWSON,
Norwich

DEAR SIR,—The assertion of the Queen Anne's Bounty people that they always give consideration to hard cases must be doubted by you.

Some years ago you paid more than £2,000 for a farm, but have since had to let it for less than the annual tithe rent of £36. Now you have sold it and handed the proceeds, £200, to the Suffolk Tithe Payers' Association to "assist the victims of distraint for tithe." Your action should be another nail in the tithe owners' coffin.

JOHN BULL.

ALFRED FORD,
Solihull, Birmingham

FORD,—To put a bailiff into the house of a respectable widow with a small son, without any legal justification and just as part of your effort to get possession, was outrageous.

I hope you really miss the twenty guineas damages which the county court judge has ordered you to pay.

JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,
Cunard White Star Line

DEAR SIRS,—No one will worry that the *Queen Mary*, destined to be Queen of the Seas, has been graded by an international committee as a "cabin ship" because you will allow people to get to America and back in supreme comfort for as little as £38 10s.

A ship for multi-millionaires only is of very little interest to the man in the street—or to

JOHN BULL.

UNDER *the* *Anæsthetic . .*

ALARMING CROP *of* BLUNDERS

A PROBLEM of more than usual interest was dealt with recently by Mr. Douglas Cowburn, the South London Coroner, at an inquest he conducted regarding the death of a baby during an operation at a Camberwell hospital.

The death occurred after an anæsthetic had been applied prior to the operation which was a proper and necessary one; the child just ceased to breathe, and died almost immediately.

Evidence given before Mr. Cowburn revealed that the anæsthetic—ethyl chloride—had been administered by a young house surgeon. There was only one other doctor in the hospital at the time, and he was busily engaged elsewhere dealing with out-patients.

At the conclusion of the inquest Mr. Cowburn criticised severely the practice of employing other than highly experienced anæsthetists, and stated that ethyl chloride was a very tricky drug which should not have been handled alone by the young house surgeon in question.

"One never knows," he stressed, "what is going to happen when this is given, and it should only be administered by a skilled anæsthetist!"

There is no doubt whatever that the doctor in this case did his best in very difficult circumstances. It is natural, in these days of small hospital staffs and overwork, that such emergencies will arise.

But the trouble is that they are arising too often. All over the country coroners have been complaining that dangerous anæsthetics and drugs are used too freely by men and women who do not understand their administration and should never be entrusted with their application.

A few cases, selected at random, will more than illustrate the grave need which now exists for a complete research into the whole problem. Not very long ago Dr. Waldo, at an inquest on a young girl in the East End of London, said that a full enquiry into the matter would definitely lead to fresh regulations which would prevent many unnecessary deaths on the operating table.

Wrong bottles

Dr. Waldo's remarks were made after he had investigated the cause of the death of this girl, who died because a wrong bottle had been placed before the doctor concerned. But for that serious mistake she would undoubtedly have been alive to-day.

Incredible though it may appear to people who have no real knowledge of the true facts, "wrong bottles" are often the cause of unnecessary deaths, as they were in this case.

In South London only quite recently a man died under an operation because a wrong and highly dangerous anæsthetic had been applied to him by mistake while he was being prepared for an operation. Apparently the instrument which contained the liquid had been used by somebody else a short time before, and the apparatus had been wrongly coupled-up by an inexperienced person

Not long ago another coroner protested that, during the preceding year,

Mr. Douglas Cowburn, the coroner, has performed a great service by frequently pointing out that hospital instructions regarding anæsthetics are, in many cases, not sufficiently clear

several deaths had been inquired into by him in which anæsthetics had been the primary cause. In most of them he had felt that full care was not being taken. The required skill and competence were absent through the lack of finance and the lack of staff.

The anæsthetic problem is national in scope, and at Weymouth a nurse unqualified in such technicalities applied six ounces of paraldehyde instead of six drachms. In other words, she gave the patient about eight times too much; she had misread her instructions!

It became clear at the subsequent inquest that she was not trained to understand the task; and, though overwhelmed with regret she could not undo her mistake, and another of these much-too-common "anæsthetic deaths" was registered.

In Glasgow, where a woman recently died through the effect of an anæsthetic improperly administered, a noted medical professor was called to give evidence. He said that the drug used, having regard to her state of health at the time, was inappropriate in the circumstances.

Turn for a moment from Scotland to the South of England, where a woman passed away on the operating table a few months ago. The anæsthetic used in her case was quite unsuitable, and investigations revealed that she might have been in good health to-day but for the genuine error of judgment which was made during the treatment decided on her behalf.

Again, at Manchester, a coroner was disturbed over the unnecessary risk which was taken in a local institution there when a woman was being treated for dental trouble. The jury which sat at the later inquiry into the cause of her death also applauded the coroner's protestations and added a rider to the effect that the steps taken which led to her death did not meet with their approval.

Chloroform had been used.

Not used for years

Wrongly connected tubes also occasioned a tragedy at Chesterfield. They had been fitted up by a nurse who was unqualified to carry out the work, but did her best in the emergencies in which she found herself; and a young woman "died from misadventure" because she was given ether instead of ether-vapour—a vitally different thing.

In many inquests which are held nowadays into unfortunate tragedies of this kind, doctors continually admit that deaths are accelerated by anæsthetics applied by well-meaning but unqualified persons. Chloroform was, for example, wrongly employed instead of ether in a Kentish hospital recently with fatal results.

Another typical blunder concerns a woman who met her end after a matron, who was not fully qualified, applied a drug which should only have been administered by a trained and competent anæsthetist.

In another town a coroner has more than once drawn attention to the questionable use of chloroform in unsuitable cases, and has repeatedly pointed out that several large hospitals, after appropriate enquiries, have not used chloroform as an anæsthetic for years.

Many medical experts, in fact, have expressed similar views. One is Dr. W. E. Cooke, the pathologist, who at an inquest which took place last summer, where a verdict of "Accidental Death" was returned, confessed that he personally did not like chloroform as an anæsthetic at all in certain cases. He stressed the fact that, in every case, there should be a very careful consultation between the surgeon and the anæsthetist before it was given.

This had not happened in the above instance, and the anæsthetist, who was on the temporary staff of the hospital concerned, said he would not have administered the drug had he been advised beforehand of the patient's condition.

Not clear enough

Coroners in different parts view with concern the use, in unqualified hands, of two new drugs which are now being more or less freely adopted in this country. One is called "Percain," and the other "Vinethene." In several cases they have accelerated the deaths of patients through inexperienced administration in moments of emergency.

That full publicity should always be given to tragedies of this character is obvious. But at the discussion a few months ago certain medical authorities held that coroners should be empowered to dispense with inquests where deaths occur after surgical operations before the patient has completely recovered from the effects of the particular anæsthetic applied.

This course may be quite a proper one to adopt in some instances, but it is surely open to objection in all cases where any element of doubt arises.

Not clear

That is why we agree with Mr. Douglas Cowburn in the protest he made the other day. That, too, is why we also agree with him in a similar criticism he made eighteen months ago, in which he said that hospital instructions regarding anæsthetics in many cases are not sufficiently clear.

The whole subject is one for concerted discussion by leading medical experts. We hope that some definite action will be taken without delay on the lines suggested by Mr. Cowburn and echoed by his colleagues in all parts of the land.

CASH YOUR VOUCHERS

JOHN BULL has been successful in making arrangements which enables us to extend our Gift Offer—which has proved so overwhelmingly popular—for a further fifteen days.

Take advantage of this concession at once by *cashing* the Gift Vouchers on page 27. Each will be accepted in *part payment* for one of JOHN BULL's magnificent Writing Sets.

Turn to page 27 and post your application to-day!

Odd Publishing Offer

A GOOD many people nowadays, finding themselves in reduced circumstances, are making efforts to turn their pens to account, and in the publishing world there are any number of adventurers ready to take full advantage of their aspirations.

A Sheffield ex-Serviceman who because of constant ill-health is unable to secure employment and a widow who sought to augment her small income by writing are two of a number of people whose visions of even a slight increase in wealth have vanished.

The ex-Serviceman, having expended months of labour in the production of a book, got in touch with Lincoln Williams (Publishers), Ltd., upon which he was asked to send the manuscript along. The so-called "publishing" house expressed itself satisfied with the prospects, and responded with an assurance that, instead of reaping the "usual meagre royalties," the author would gain a "generous" return.

Providing he paid £25 towards the cost of printing the first edition of 1,000 copies, the Sheffield man was promised one-third of the net amount received upon the copies sold.

He is one of several who entered into contracts of this nature with Lincoln Williams (Publishers), Ltd. But now the company's affairs are in the hands of the Official Receiver, with little hope of any return for its disillusioned authors.

Audacious Mr. Danziger

THERE recently arrived in this country a charming financial magnate of marvellous personality, bringing with him a load of valuable gifts for investors here, and appearing, on his own valuation, as one of the world's greatest philanthropists.

He is of American nationality, speaks with a pronounced accent, and passes in the name of J. M. Danziger. His business interests extend from London to Los Angeles, New York, and Port of Spain.

What he does not know about finance is apparently not worth knowing. He is an "oil king" who freely proposes to win wealth for all who are willing to place their trust in him.

J. M. Danziger knows that fortunes have been made from crude oil and that others are still to be made. And, in his apparent kindness of heart, he generously feels that he should give members of the British public—even though they may be complete strangers to him—the opportunity of participating in his good fortune.

One of the leading ventures with which Mr. Danziger is associated is known as the Trinidad International Petroleum Co., Ltd., which was formed to do big things in the oil world. He holds the proud and privileged position of chairman of its directorate, and is its dominating force in all things.

The company was incorporated in Nevada, U.S.A., a few years ago for the purpose of acquiring and exploiting important oil leases in various parts of the West Indies.

Although some of the promised returns have not so far reached the shareholders who fell for the grandiose stories then unfolded, J. M. Danziger is still supremely confident about the future of the Trinidad enterprise.

His object in coming to England now is to tell people that any cause they have for anxiety is groundless. Certain coming events, which so far have not cast their shadows before them, have put a new complexion on things from the investors' point of view.

So plausible

At least, that is what he says, though we regret that we cannot feel the same way about it, no matter how firmly his faith may be pinned on the company's future destinies. We have probed perhaps a little too deeply into the history of the Trinidad concern and some of its associated flotations to share such a sanguine view.

Some time ago a number of agents arrived in this country in force. Several of them belong to that type well known in America and Canada as travelling share salesmen—men who dress immaculately and thrive by telling plausible stories to investors and saddling them with shares in more or less speculative propositions at fantastic prices.

To assist these men in their activities circulars, printed on impressive notepaper bearing an address in Mark Lane, London, and containing references to offices in Trinidad, California and America, were sent to the shareholders of a second concern named the Venezuelan Consolidated Oilfields, Ltd., in which Mr. Danziger had previously become greatly interested.

These circulars were signed by a coloured gentleman named Thomas D. Hill, who was the assistant secretary of the Trinidad International Petroleum venture. His name is an important one to remember, as facts with which we shall subsequently deal will reveal.

Oil!—Fortunes are made from it; but can Mr. Danziger do it?

—AND HIS QUEER OIL OFFER

The main purport of these circulars was to the effect that the Trinidad company had secured certain leases in the British West Indies which had been formerly owned by the Venezuelan concern, and that one of the stipulations imposed was that all genuine shareholders in the old venture should be given the first "right" to take up shares in the new enterprise so that losses they may have sustained could be turned into profits.

What this really meant, in blunt language, was that people who had been caught once were invited to throw good money after bad in a speculative project arising out of the ashes of a previous disaster.

Nevertheless, in many cases the emissaries "got away with it," and investors—charmed with the most inviting stories—were induced to dip their hands into their pockets once again.

Under the rhetoric of gifted salesmen, people, in this particular campaign, paid as much as 30s. each for Trinidad International Petroleum shares, which even to this day are not quoted on the Stock Exchange and are not worth as much as a quarter of their alleged value.

It has been officially established, indeed, that many of the shares thus peddled at 30s. were actually obtained for prices as low as 7s. and 8s. each!

Now Danziger and his Trinidad International Petroleum Co. are operating from a new office in Bow Lane, London.

A fresh batch of printed matter lately despatched to Venezuelan shareholders, whose company is now in compulsory liquidation with huge liabilities, is of a most interesting character.

Danziger implies that he has come across the Atlantic to clarify the position for shareholders here. Some must, he confesses, be a little "confused" over the present state of affairs. "Confused" is a good word, Mr. Danziger, but hardly the one we should use in the circumstances!

The story now is that, owing to certain difficulties which have since been dealt with, the talkative gentlemen who two years ago visited Venezuelan shareholders about their "rights" were only partly informed of the real position. That will all be rectified now. Mr. Danziger has decided to see to that, particularly as he has discovered that some clients have been deliberately deprived of their rightful dues.

So, in his kindly gesture to make amends, and help suffering investors to recoup some of their unfortunate losses, Mr. Danziger has arranged on behalf of the Trinidad International Petroleum Co., Ltd., to issue a series of "preferential profit-sharing notes" which will be offered on special terms to the suffering shareholders before mere outside members of the general public are given the chance of participating.

Safeguarded

Already a firm of outside brokers in the City of London has been consulted on the subject by Mr. Danziger and, judging by what he has already told clients, will shortly be getting in touch with them to ensure that their "rights" concerning these new "preferential profit-sharing notes" are thoroughly safeguarded.

We find that certain eloquent agents have meanwhile opened a campaign in the provinces which is similar in many ways to that which created so much notoriety two years ago. They go about in luxurious cars intent upon saddling investors with yet another issue of stock which is not worth consideration by investors, least of all those who have already lost heavily, not once but twice, in these moribund Trinidad and Venezuelan companies.

It is really astonishing, in view of all the publicity which has recently been given to share campaigns of this type, that people can still be found to put their confidence into the colourful stories told by men of this type. It is all the more striking in this particular case, for the financial history of the two concerns which are now being so specifically exploited is about as bad as it could possibly be.

A few years ago a company was formed called the Trinidad National Petroleum Co., Ltd. It did not enjoy "International" distinction then and went into liquidation.

In its place another venture sprang up called the Trinidad Friendship Petroleum Co., Ltd. Something like a quarter of a million pounds was solicited from the public before it crashed dismally, with a sorry story for its supporters.

Then along came the Venezuelan promotion, and more money was raised from the public. This in turn failed.

Assets had been disposed of; supposedly valuable concessions turned out to be worth nothing like the price originally suggested; debentures had been issued which placed shareholders in a most invidious position, and even the company's auditors dissociated themselves from alleged valuations which had been placed on certain assets by the directors.

Then Trinidad *International* Petroleum was born, with the astounding consequences we have here dealt with.

Not wanted

Now, despite all this, Mr. J. M. Danziger calmly reappears with his up-to-date scheme of "preferential profit-sharing notes." Isn't it just incredible?

A gloomy story was told not long ago at the Sussex Assizes about certain fraudulent "deals" in the Trinidad company's shares.

Three men were charged with obtaining a banker's cheque for £375 with intent to cheat and defraud a man who had previously lost money in the Venezuelan venture. His story in the witness box was that the men induced him to interest himself in shares of the Trinidad International Petroleum Company by representing that if he paid thirty shillings per share they would be worth two pounds within a few weeks, at which rate the Trinidad concern would buy them back.

It came out in evidence that, apart from a deposit of £100 at a London bank, the Trinidad company had no money in England, and Hill (whom we have mentioned earlier in this article) admitted that the concern was Californian, and that he had been sent here with a programme formulated by his directors whereby shareholders in various defunct ventures might take up shares in Trinidad International Petroleum.

This prosecution took place in March, 1934, and the three men were all sentenced. Now the stock of the Trinidad enterprise is "in the news" again. We think Mr. Danziger should be left to sell his shares to people on the other side of the Atlantic.

Torn from their Four Children . .

DEPORTED PARENTS *Outrage*

IN a working-class home in the heart of Leeds—Dennison Street, Burley Road, to be exact—there are three unoccupied bedrooms. But every day for exactly a year, Mrs. Dawson, who lives there, has swept and tended the rooms and kept the linen on the beds fresh and ready for use.

Very soon Mrs. Dawson may be unable to continue performing the strange but simple daily task of tidying those three rooms where no one sleeps. On Christmas Eve they were brightly decorated by her and her husband, and little toys were placed beside each bed. The toys are still there—untouched.

Mrs. Dawson is fast breaking down in health. Sorrow and anguish are in her eyes and thinning features. She is being destroyed by despair; her heart is really breaking, because she has waited in vain for twelve weary months for a message that four persons are on their way to occupy the waiting beds.

Every sound at the door brings her a new hope which is instantly smashed. In all weathers, morning and night, she awaits the postmen on their rounds at the end of Dennison Street for the letter they never bring.

Unanswered

The guests she expects are her own four young children.

She has not seen or heard of or from any of them for more than five years.

They are two boys and two girls, the oldest now thirteen and the youngest seven years of age. Every day, for two thousand days, she has been without any word of them.

They are somewhere in the United States of America.

She has no idea where.

Every day she and her husband send a letter to them through the consular authorities. They have no sign or evidence that any of their loving messages have ever been delivered. They have never had a reply of any kind.

The only news they have ever had is that their children are not together—they are widely separated.

Most likely, if they met, they would not recognise one another as brothers and sisters, so long have they been kept apart. And—think of their ages—there is still less likelihood of them recognising their parents.

As time passes, this dread that they will not be known even by their own children if they should ever meet again descends more heavily upon Mr. and Mrs. Dawson in their humble home in Leeds.

Inference and fact

She is at breaking-point. She has implored everyone in high authority—Foreign Secretaries, Ambassadors, Consuls-General, the President of the Republic. All have answered her with one voice—she cannot have her children back until they come of adult age and return to her of their own volition.

The natural inference to be made from such a state of affairs is that Mr. and Mrs. Dawson must be persons without qualifications for parentship or have been legally held to be incapable and unworthy of the custody of children.

No suggestion or ruling of the kind has ever been made against them.

On the contrary, after the most stringent enquiry into their characters and capabilities, they have been officially declared to be completely without guilt or fault.

But the children they bred can have no place in their lives, according to the same official voice.

Their children were, in fact, stolen from them, have been kept from them for five years, and cannot be restored to them because of the harshest interpretation of citizenship law that has probably ever been made.

It is almost incredible, it will be seen, that such havoc could be played with family life in a civilised world.

Mr. Herbert Dawson, the father of the four children, is a Leeds man who, at the age of twenty-four, emigrated to the United States thirty-two years ago.

He is a bricklayer by trade and he was so industrious and skilled in his work that he was never without good employment until the events of this tragedy began.

Fifteen years ago—seventeen years after the time he left Britain—Dawson was able to spend a long holiday in Canada, and there he met and fell in love with the woman who is now his wife.

She went back with him to the United States, and notice of their intended marriage was given to the authorities.

An extraordinary hitch occurred. She was required to supply the Christian name of her father, who had died when she was a baby, and she gave the name by which she had understood from her mother he was known.

"Americans first"

The United States authorities checked up on it, as they always do in the case of a proposed marriage of foreigners in their country, and found that no person with the Christian name which she had given for her father was traceable in the district of Canada where she was born.

They insisted on the matter being clarified before accepting the notice of marriage.

Love laughs at American registrars. Mr. Dawson and his sweetheart found another method of having the marriage ceremony performed.

When their first child was born, the authorities refused to register it as legitimate because the parents had not waited for strictly official sanction of their union.

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson paid no regard. They were both British subjects and, to British eyes, the marriage they had contracted was perfectly valid and their baby was legitimate.

Three more children were born.

They lived happily and in comfort until five years ago, when the economic blizzard sweeping America raged to its height. Then it became a case of "Americans first."

Dawson lost his job, and wherever he applied for work he was told, of course, that he, an alien, could not have it while any American citizen was available.

The fact that he had spent one-half of his life in the United States then counted for nought.

He sold up his house and home and, keeping only his motor-car, set out with it and his wife and family to travel across America in search of work and a fresh beginning.

In Buffalo, New York, after failing for months to find employment of any kind, he applied to the authorities for temporary relief. It was refused on the ground that he and his wife were British subjects. They could have relief, they were told, if they consented to become naturalised American citizens, in which case his prospect of obtaining a situation would also improve.

Sir Ronald Lindsay, British Ambassador at Washington, whom we ask to intercede on this family's behalf

Mr. and Mrs. Dawson replied that they could not change their nationality merely for the sake of employment.

When Mr. Dawson returned to his wife next day after another search for work he learned that, in his absence, three welfare workers had called and taken away their children.

He went to see the chief of police, who, after making enquiries, said it had been found that he and his wife were not strictly legally married, because the ceremony which had taken place ten years previously had not been officially endorsed.

His four children, he was informed, were, therefore technically illegitimate in American law and, having been born out of officially approved wedlock, were not British but American subjects. And, as such, he and his wife could no longer have access to them because his application for relief had proved he and his wife were not competent to have the custody of your young American subjects.

Mr. Dawson was advised, however, that if he could find employment the children would be immediately given back to him.

With this hope, he and his wife set out for Wyoming, 2,500 miles away, and there he quickly obtained regular and profitable work. He was able soon to acquire enough money to build a house of his own.

No offence

But every application to have the children restored met with blunt refusal. Dawson's persistence irritated the officials at Washington. He was told that he was making himself a nuisance.

Yet, during their years in Wyoming, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson had been married again in full conformity with American law. The original mistake, a trivial one in regard to her father's real Christian name, had been discovered.

Twelve months ago Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were visited by the police and told to hold themselves in readiness for deportation to Britain next day. They were given no opportunity to sell their house or its contents.

The deportation order merely showed that it was made because they were aliens who had consistently refused to become naturalised American citizens, and that their removal to Britain was desirable because of the economic circumstances of the nation.

They were not being deported for any offence, either as paupers or criminals.

But they were sent, first, to Chicago, and from there taken to Ellis Island in a company of bank-robbers, gangsters and other rogues being deported to the Continent of Europe.

Deceived

They suffered it without protest. They had been told they would be reunited to their children on the ship at New York.

It was a deception. A clergyman whom they consulted went ashore before the vessel sailed and returned with a report that the authorities had made a mistake and would arrange for the children to be sent on by train to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to be sent on the ship when it called there on its way to England.

The children were not at Halifax. The captain went ashore there and telephoned to the authorities in New York.

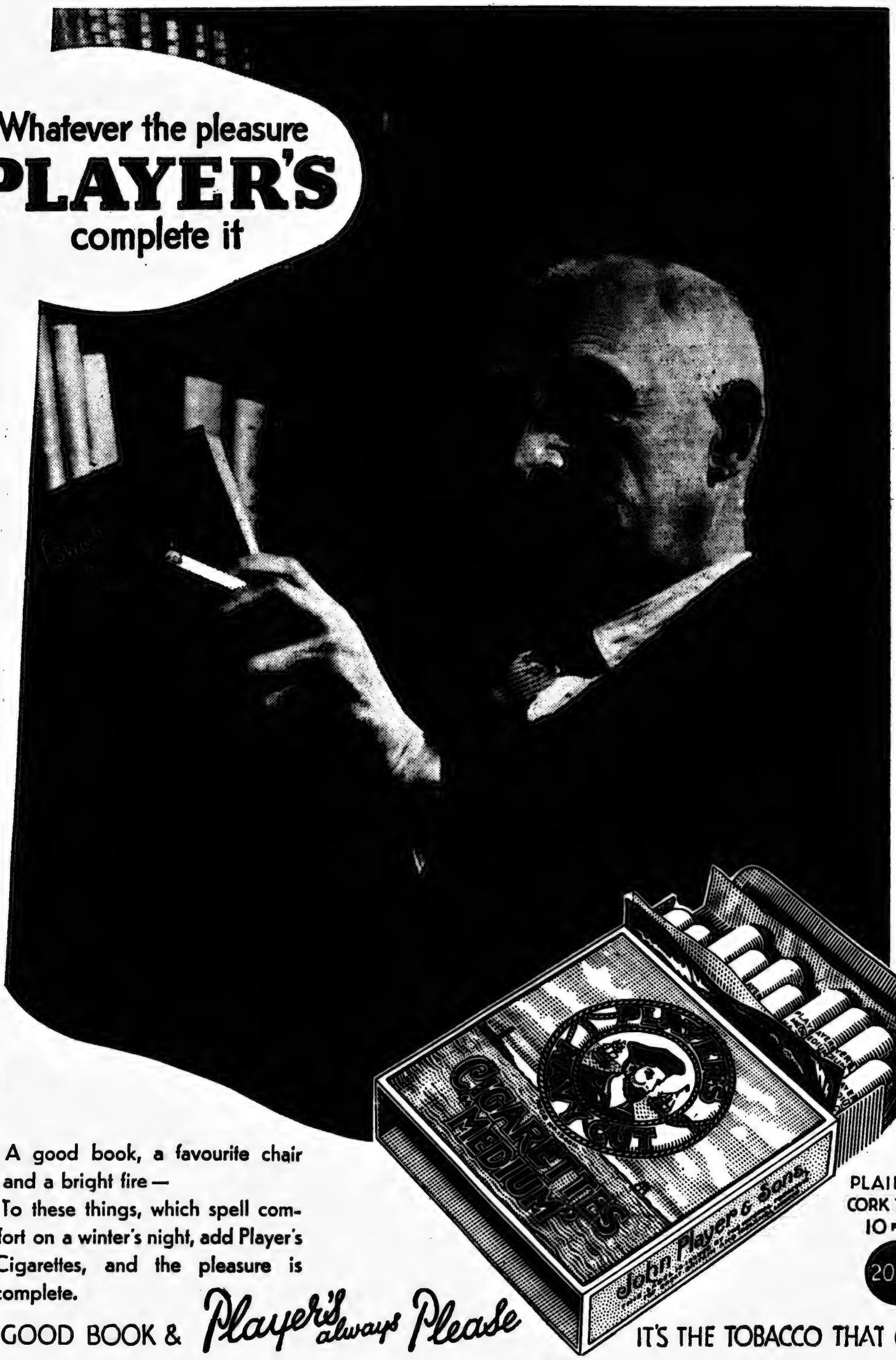
The reply he was given was that there was no intention of handing over the children.

Since they returned to this country a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Dawson have placed all the facts before Sir Samuel Hoare, the late Foreign Secretary, who has sent them a letter regretting that he is unable to do anything to assist them, as their children are technically American subjects owing to the circumstances of their birth, because the first marriage of their parents had not the full sanction of American law.

Is it any wonder that Mrs. Dawson is being broken by despair?

If there had been a Palmerston at the Foreign Office to-day, and he had known about the tragedy of those three unoccupied bedrooms in Leeds, the four Dawson children would have been surrendered to their British parents on demand.

Whatever the pleasure
PLAYER'S
complete it



A good book, a favourite chair and a bright fire —
To these things, which spell comfort on a winter's night, add Player's Cigarettes, and the pleasure is complete.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED
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Strange Claims of the MOXA MAN

FROM the very Far East comes the latest form of health treatment which is drawing credulous patients to a consulting-room and clinic in London.

"Moxa Therapy" it is labelled, and I note that it is described as a "new-old cure."

The "therapeutists" who conduct the business are a Japanese subject, by name G. Koizumi, and an Englishwoman—Miss B. E. Woolhouse, B.Com. (London), who acts also as secretary.

For some time Mr. Koizumi has been practising his extraordinary Japanese methods in this country, but only recently he jumped into the "news," when a national weekly newspaper published an alluring account of what supposedly can be done with "Moxa."

To prospective clients of the consulting-room, elaborate booklets are distributed boosting "Moxa Therapy" and its complementary treatment of "Spinoculture," together with a reprint from a woman's journal, which declares:

"When new remedies and new treatments come crowding so fast upon us it is oddly exciting to hear of a treatment which is, so to speak, as old as the hills. Such a treatment may be found at 5, Seymour Street, London, where it is administered by a Japanese expert, Mr. G. Koizumi."

Later in the same article I read: "There is as yet no scientific explanation as to how the special property contained in the Moxa effects cures."

Healing herb

How remarkable is the whole idea can best be shown by quoting from the Koizumi pamphlets.

"Together with Chinese culture this treatment was introduced into Japan in the sixth century, and has since become the most popular cure, surviving even the onslaught of modern science.

"Chronicles and literature abound with references to the treatment which was favoured by all classes from the Court downwards. Ladies patronised it for their ills and fancies, warriors used it to speed the healing of battle wounds, while those who were apprehensive of diseases, hereditary or otherwise, sought the treatment as a preventive."

Actually "Moxa" is a kind of herb, a downy substance, greyish in colour, extracted from the leaves of "Artemisia"—really the common Mugwort. The best sort of Moxa—according to Mr. Koizumi—comes from the Ibuki mountain in Japan.

Cut in April or May, the herb is dried, and then matured sometimes for as long as ten years before it is used for medical purposes.

Very strong claims are made by Mr. Koizumi regarding the benefits that follow the use of "Moxa."

Through some mysterious, unknown and unexplained agency, it acts on the subject, and "there is almost no condition of ill-health for which it is not beneficial." Whatever you may suffer from—accept the "Moxa" idea and you will get well.

Mr. G. Koizumi demonstrating his "new-old" treatment in which a smouldering herb is applied to nerve-centres

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

At least that is the comfortable theory.

Application of "Moxa" to the patient is made in a curious manner. A prepared portion of the herb is placed against the skin and then lighted with a joss-stick. The heat arising and permeating the body is supposed to effect the cure.

Some sort of stop-watch business is necessary for most effective application. As witness this I quote again from the writings of the Japanese therapeutist:

"The patient will experience the pleasant feeling of heat penetrating through, but the length of time required is very important. It should be longer than thirty seconds, but must not be more than sixty seconds.

"This application is repeated as often as required by each individual case. For instance, some cases require daily treatment for one week; others daily treatment for six months, while others are treated every other day for varying periods."

Before a patient is treated, Mr. Koizumi carries out an examination and so-called diagnosis.

He has to find the correct "Kiu-ten" or nerve-centre for treatment.

Fees charged by Mr. Koizumi for his burning, incense-smelling herb are on a proper professional scale. He asks three guineas for a consultation and a guinea for each "Moxa" application.

And there is a note on his circulars "All fees payable in advance."

Money must be handed over before the "Moxa" herb begins to function. There is no promise of "money returned" if a patient finds that his particular disorder does not dissolve under the spell of the downy, grey-coloured substance which grows on the mountain of Ibuki, Japan.

For patients who are not well favoured with wealth Mr. Koizumi conducts what he describes as a clinic, for one hour on two evenings a week. Clinic fees are 7s. 6d.

When a patient has been through the "Moxa" ordeal of painless fire, Mr. Koizumi has other suggestions to offer. He advocates that a course of "Spinoculture" should be taken—

"Embodying the important, physiological and philosophical principles affecting bodily health in a set of exercises based on the Kato of Judo, which comprise all the necessary movements for the health and strength of the spine and spinal nerves according to the theory of the 'Moxa Therapy.'"

No bath

And for "Spinoculture" there is a charge of five and a half guineas for six private lessons, or three guineas for six class lessons.

Certain rules must be observed by the "Moxa" adherents, among them the following:

"Alcohol must not be taken, or any other stimulant, whether in the form of food or drink.

"On the first day of the treatment patients must not take a bath.

(In some instances patients must not bath at all, but may take a sponge down for cleanliness.)

"After the first treatments, when the benefit is being felt, patients must be careful not to be carried away with the feeling of well-being and strain themselves."

Mr. Koizumi has no medical qualifications whatever, neither has the Englishwoman who assists him. Yet he is willing to treat such serious maladies as asthma, pleurisy, eye trouble and heart, liver and kidney diseases.

A warning

Enquiries made in official Japanese circles in London reveal the fact that the "Moxa" treatment is *regarded by medical men in Japan as an old wives' remedy!*

Mr. Koizumi can carry on his consulting-room and clinic without supervision, because his methods do not come within the scope of the Public Control Department of the London County Council.

As a jiu-jitsu—Japanese wrestling—expert, Mr. Koizumi may be excellent, but when he sets out to treat all kinds of grave ailments by his unorthodox methods he is treading on dangerous ground.

I earnestly recommend caution to all sufferers who may be tempted in desperation to experiment with "Moxa Therapy."

It is always unwise to defer taking the advice of a fully qualified medical man—especially in cases of a serious nature.

Phantom *Present* Ramp

READERS in many parts of the country have been doomed to disappointment in connection with a much-boosted "Double Gift" cigarette coupon scheme boosted in a catalogue of presents issued by a concern called Virginia Products, Ltd., of 86, Strand, London.

For months past cigarette smokers have been busily engaged in collecting coupons which were to be exchanged for a variety of presents ranging from Celanese underwear to grandfather clocks, mackintoshes and wireless sets.

A statement of policy printed in the catalogue explained that "we are devoting the money usually spent on advertising towards supplying gifts to the smoker." Then the slogan, "Better Gifts for Fewer Coupons" undoubtedly had great appeal for many cigarette smokers

So, marking off presents nicely illustrated in the catalogue, the enthusiasts smoked away furiously in their eagerness to gain the required number of coupons, which were sent, according to instructions, by registered post to Virginia Products, Ltd.

Then followed weeks of delay and apologies for non-delivery of the expected presents.

A typical experience is that of a reader living at Wallington, Surrey, who had selected some linen articles for which two hundred coupons had been sent.

* * *

Ten weeks elapsed, but there was no sign of the long-expected reward. Then came an apology for delay. After another wait of four weeks, this was followed by a further letter from Virginia Products stating that as the linen goods on their list came from Ireland, they had been delayed owing to the Christmas rush.

The coupon collector then wrote offering to accept alternative articles to the value of two hundred coupons, but no reply was forthcoming.

A Fulham reader who had collected three hundred coupons had a similar experience and failed to obtain anything. He called at the office of the company in the Strand, and was told that his parcel "was on the way"; but he has never received it.

Shortly afterwards he again called at the office of the firm, only to learn that a "gone away" notice had been posted.

A Birmingham reader sent in coupons on September 17, 1935, and repeated enquiries have brought no gift or satisfaction of any kind. In fact, many people throughout the country have been sadly disappointed with this queer cigarette coupon scheme, which has faded out so suddenly.

Unfortunately they have little hope of redress. The company has deserted its office, and the whole scheme appears to have gone up in smoke.

Year that Will Make Us No. 1 in the Air..

Put WINGS o

DOWN Southampton way there is a school that is going to make Empire history before many months of 1936 have passed.

Its classroom is the placid bosom of the Solent near where the world's biggest liners tower over the docks and town.

Its pupils would intrigue and puzzle you, some looking like young men straight from the 'varsity, and others like seasoned business men.

Serious-looking students they are, and not at all the kind you would expect to find watching an instructor tying simple sea-knots and becoming all thumbs in their efforts to emulate him; struggling to moor a bobbing rowing-boat to a raft; or rowing fat, podgy cockleshells as if life itself depended on it.

Smiles will fade

Yet that is what they do, and it's no wonder that the old shellbacks from ships just put in from Colombo, Sierra, Rio, or other distant ports of the world, turn from regarding their efforts at times to smile.

But these smiles are going to fade away soon. For some of those pupils are air pilots who have learnt to master every trick of weather and configuration along the air routes of the Empire, and the others are young probationary flying officers who can do anything with an aeroplane except tie a knot in its tail.

And the aim and object of their school is to win Britain her rightful share of the civilian air routes of the world, which she certainly hasn't got at present.

Yes, Britain is going to put itself properly on the air map during 1936 with the help of this school and its students.

We are going to give the lie to the statement of Louis XVIII of France, which has persisted since the ballooning days of 1783, that: "The English arrogate to themselves the Empire of the Sea, but it will be for a flighty race to assume that of the air"—a remark many of us have grown to believe in so far as civil aviation is concerned.

Branch lines

Within a few months these pupils at the Southampton school are going to soar high over the funnels of the Southampton liners to inaugurate the first transatlantic air line; to add, for the first time, branch lines to the Empire air routes we have already built up in the last few years; and to link up the two extremities of Empire—England and New Zealand.

If ever their paths cross those of the old sailors who now watch their rowing efforts with amused interest, it will be when the sailors are wallowing along over the wide sea and they flying overhead to reach in a matter of hours a country that is days distant by boat.

The plain fact is that Britain has planned more Empire air-line development for 1936 than has been carried out in the last five years.

Imperial Airways, the great subsidised company entrusted with the task of linking the Empire by air, has got such a crowded programme ahead that other companies are being formed to undertake work which even Britain's No. 1 air company may be unable to perform.

JOHN BULL can reveal that some of these companies are going to fight for Government subsidies on the same terms as those received by Imperial Airways.

As just one example—and others could be quoted—three different concerns are already struggling to secure the first concession granted to British aircraft to fly in regular daily service from London to Copenhagen and Sweden.

One is a new company formed last March with big City interests behind it, another a combination of three existing British air lines, and a third a company started only a few weeks ago.

Whichever wins, within a few months it is going to be possible to enter a huge British amphibian at Croydon at 7 a.m., have a typical British breakfast over the North Sea, and be in Sweden in good time for lunch.

But this development is only quoted to show the fight that is coming now that the next few months are promising to transfer a great deal of our passenger, goods and mail traffic from the sea to the air.

Many obstacles

There are far more sensational plans in our huge 1936 programme.

First, of course, must be put the transatlantic air mail and passenger service between America and England that is to follow an agreement reached between Imperial Airways and Pan-American Airways.

Next March the test flights will be made. And although passengers will not be carried for at least six months, crossing the Atlantic will be such a routine matter by the end of 1936 that free-lance airmen will find it hard to create interest in flying the Atlantic—"unless," as one flying expert declared, "they care to do it upside down."

Two types of craft are going to be tried out in those early tests.

One will be a flying boat on orthodox lines, yet with such a flying range that it will be able to take huge loads non-stop from Ireland to Newfoundland.

The other will be a huge flying boat that, to use non-technical language, will fly over the ocean with a monster four-engined seaplane on its back and, having launched its daughter-ship in mid-air well out over the Atlantic, will fly back to its base, which will ultimately be Southampton.

In this way will be conquered that old bugbear of long-distance service flying—that is, that a heavily laden machine designed for a long flight doesn't take easily or safely to the air.

Naturally there are many other directions in which tests must be made before the regular air service begins that will ensure that a letter posted in the Provinces will reach New York in three days, to be followed six months later by a passenger service that will ultimately permit you to have breakfast in London and see a night-show on Broadway.

There are direction-finding stations to be placed on floating radio bases for which safe anchorages have yet to be found in the Atlantic. Radio beacons have to be placed along the land sections of the route. Fast "emergency ships" able to reach in good time transatlantic aircraft well able to float for a week or more have to be arranged for.

Already, while the pilots of this future service are learning their seamanship in America and England, there is a frenzy of model-making on both sides of the Atlantic as a prelude to these March tests.

As to route, it has been widely stated that at first it will follow the southern line New York-Bermuda-Azores-Portugal-Britain and later the shorter but more foggy route England - Ireland - Newfoundland-New York.

It is true that both these routes will be tested thoroughly, that weather conditions along both of them will be sounded as accurately and scientifically as the ocean-bed

Britain has planned more Empire air-line development for 1936 than has been carried out during the last five years . . .

...tting the ...on the EMPIRE

is sounded for seagoing craft. But look out for a surprise.

The chances are that neither of these "announced" routes will be chosen, for, quietly and without fuss, researches are proceeding concerning an Arctic route which may ultimately prove to be the regular highway between London and New York.

Machines will make north for Inverness and then follow the route Faroes - Iceland - Greenland-Ungava Bay-Hudson Bay-Winnipeg.

There will be no fog along that frozen route, for the simple reason that fog only occurs when there is cold air *and* warm, and the only warmth encountered will be in the cabins of the passengers.

Beneath them a great ice-desert far safer for "landings" than the tossing waters of the Atlantic, above them a sky of eternal blue—those, more probably than not, are the conditions under which you will be able to cross safely from Britain to America in 1937.

That route, in the opinion of experts, should be as dead safe as going to America by steamboat—and what a thrill, with an Arctic spectacle beneath that has hitherto been seen by only a handful of daring explorers.

Yet—as if that is not a big enough scheme—there is so much else that Imperial Airways intends to do during 1936.

It is no revelation that the regular London-Australia service will be extended very shortly across the Tasman Sea to New Zealand. In fact, some of the pupils of that Southampton school—training side by side with the men who are to start the trans-atlantic service—are intended for that section of the route.

. . . While Atlantic services and even inter-town services in Britain are to reach a state that would have seemed out of the question not many years ago

But all that is only part of a far more ambitious scheme that Imperial Airways has in mind.

During 1936 the company will prospect the Pacific crossing from New Zealand to Vancouver, on the western seaboard of Canada, with a view to the development of a regular service between the two Dominions. Then the whole of the British Empire apart from its small islands will be linked up by regular air services.

It is only incidental that when that is accomplished a British air company will have a route going entirely round the world, and will thus be the first air company—even if other countries ever find it possible at all—to circum*air*navigate the globe.

But to return to the new services that will be actually in full swing before another twelve months have passed.

Plans have already been made to take a branch line from the London-Australia route, either at Bangkok or Penang, that will fly passengers and mail in one big hop to Hong Kong. Political differences that have been in the way for some months are being smoothed out with the help of the Siamese Government. It can be said, in fact, that a test flight has already been made in a de Havilland machine commanded by Captain Armstrong.

A miracle

When that service is established it will be easy to link up with other air lines in China, ensuring that the British Empire is linked by wings with every part of China that matters commercially.

Then, even more important still, Khartoum—the lonely outpost where Kitchener fought—is to become a Croydon of the East.

From there a branch line will be taken away over the mysterious interior of Africa to the west coast of that great continent, the object being to provide air mail and later air passenger services to Nigeria and the Gold Coast and eventually to Sierra Leone.

A miracle of timing, this new route will be. The machines will not only keep tryst with the London-Capetown air liners at Khartoum, but also with Elder-Dempster liners as they call at the various West African ports.

Those ports are already linked by a coastal air service from which an offshoot crosses the South Atlantic to South America.

You have only to read the figures as to the amount of trade between the Argentine and Great Britain to realise how important that air line between London and Buenos Aires will be.

These, then, are to be the big Empire air developments of 1936. There is to be the same degree of progress as far as our European and internal air lines are concerned.

Air preferred

For instance, the International Air Traffic Association of all the big European air lines met recently to consider a scheme which would ensure that by 1937 every postal packet carried between one European country and another will go by air. The scheme has been so well received by the different post offices already that its success is practically assured.

In fact, as far as British post offices are concerned, the aim already is that letters shall be carried by air, for preference, between all parts of the Empire, at the earliest possible date, and at no increase in the present price.

Within a few weeks you will see the first British move towards the accomplishment of this end in a regular night-mail machine from London to Berlin, the importance of which you can only realise when you know that all the mails between Britain and such countries as Russia and Poland go through the German capital and comprise the biggest international mail carried anywhere in the world.

Then arrangements have been made for the England-Dublin mail to go by air. Already an English and an Irish company have got the necessary permission to co-operate, and soon regular services will be maintained between Liverpool and Dublin and Bristol and Dublin, with express train services—later to be replaced by air services—completing the link between the English ports and London.

Towns, too

Then, again, the big airports projected for the three Channel Islands of Guernsey, Jersey and Alderney will be completed in good time for next summer, when the islands will not only be as "near" to London as Maidstone from the mail point of view, but will also be on England's very doorstep as seaside resorts.

Finally there are the projected new air services between different towns in Great Britain—too numerous to mention.

In fact, by the end of 1936 anybody travelling from one side of the kingdom to another in any direction will be able to gain valuable hours by using part of the big network of internal airways.

That quite apart from the fact that there will be three times as many "air taxies" by the end of 1936 as there were when 1935 opened.

Yes, it is going to be a great year for British Empire flying—the biggest yet by a long, long way.

So think of what that old King of France said about Britain never having an Empire of the Air. And then study on a globe of the world the vast new British air enterprises which we have revealed as planned for 1936!

Hard dry COUGH awoke her neighbours

FAMEL SYRUP MADE LIFE WORTH WHILE

"During the winter months my cough was worse than ever. I have coughed whole nights through without ceasing for at least four months. In fact I woke the neighbours. I tried remedy after remedy and life became a nightmare. At last I tried Famel Syrup — I must admit with little faith. But that night found me sleeping peacefully for at least seven hours. I have now had two large bottles. It was money well spent for I am quite free from coughing and enjoy better health. Life has at last become worth while. When friends say how well I look, I always reply, 'Yes, thanks to Famel Syrup.'" Mrs. H. B. . . Burnley.

It is at night that a really awkward cough is worst. Chasing sleep away. Making the minutes seem like hours. Until your whole brain is throbbing with loss of precious sleep.

Then some kindly person reminds you that Famel Syrup has a magic touch with coughs. Relief at last! The amazing soluble Lactocreosote which is so important a part of the unique and original formula of Famel Syrup goes into action against the evil germs — a battle that can end only in one way. Surely and speedily you find relief. The irritation of the throat and chest subside — you can breathe freely once more. Deep, easy sleep is yours again at last. Your cough has gone.

Famel Syrup is not a mere 'cough mixture.' It is a scientific treatment recommended by doctors and used in hospitals and sanatoria all over the world.

FAMEL

brand

SYRUP

It goes to the ROOT of your COUGH

1/6 *and* 3/- (*triple quantity*)

From all chemists

Distributors: Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., Harp Works, North Circular Road, London, N.W.2

"John Bull" Readers' Stories

CALLING ALL SHIPS . .

MY story is already known to the people of our village—an East Coast fishing village which in its day has been the scene of many a dramatic incident of storm and shipwreck and rescue and miracle escape.

But this story I want to tell here is not one of heroism. It is simply the story of a little girl's faith and the miracle it wrought.

The little girl is my own nine-year-old daughter, Anne; it is really her story I am writing—or half of her story—for her father, who was the principal actor in the second half, has written out his portion of it before going back to sea as a diver on a salvage vessel. . . .

Until the depression in shipping set in Jim, my husband, was sailing as second officer on a liner on the South America-New York-Liverpool run. But, like thousands of other sailors, he got indefinite "shore leave," and it seemed that he would never get another berth as the heartbreaking, empty months went past.

At last the unexpected happened; through a friend in Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was introduced one day to the managing director of a salvage firm, and eventually that contact led to Jim being signed on as mate of a salvage vessel.

"It's a big change from brass buttons and starched linen," he joked with me on returning from his first trip. "But I like it. And I've learned one thing. The man who is never out of a job is the man who can make himself indispensable. So I'm going to learn all I know about deep-sea diving and salvage work, or perish in the attempt!"

THEN he laughed when he saw I was afraid, and he assured me that it was as safe under the sea as on the top of it, and that so long as his heart was good and the man at the pumps and lines was trustworthy, there was nothing to bring grey hairs but old age.

To Anne, everything her daddy did was a wonderful adventure. The idea of "walking about on the bed of the ocean excited her imagination. She had always lived for his home-coming so that she could hear the stories he had to tell.

While Jim was "sailing foreign" he used to tell Anne about the ships and countries he had seen, his life at sea, and all the adventurous details of storm and calm associated with his career.

One story he told her—she was about four at the time—was of how his own ship went to the aid of an American pleasure cruiser which caught fire north of Pernambuco on the Brazil coast.

He told her, sitting with her on his knee by the comfortable fireside, how the SOS message came through to them, and how it was "Calling All Ships"; and how he was in charge of one of the lifeboats that took some of the passengers off safely.

I'll never forget how the story fascinated Anne. She plied him with question after question until finally she exclaimed: "Daddy, if I want you to come to me can I send out an SOS, too?"

He laughed and said: "Of course! Just you keep saying to yourself 'Calling all ships—calling all ships—I want my daddy home.' Only," and he pursed his lips and shook his head very gravely, "it must be very, very important before you do that, Anne!"

"What's very, very 'portant?" she asked.

He looked across at me for aid and grinned over her head. "Well," he stammered, "just—just—" I added: "Just if you feel that—that your mummy and you need daddy—"

And so to that never-to-be-forgotten trip my husband was engaged on—locating a freighter which went down off the West Coast of Scotland shortly after the war with bullion on board. She was also carrying a heavy consignment of engineering machinery.

Jim had been gone on the expedition about four weeks, when, one evening while Anne and I were listening-in to the wireless after tea, Anne heard the weather report and a warning to shipping.

She was suddenly terribly alarmed when she heard that there was a terrific storm raging in the Atlantic and round the north-west of Scotland. She asked if her daddy would be in danger, and I told her not to be such a little silly.

That night she had a disturbed sleep. She seemed to be worrying about the storm. The following day we had bad weather. It blew up to a gale and brought down the chimney-head of a house across the street from our house, and the falling débris injured the old woman who lived there—an old woman who was a great friend of Anne.

WHEN Anne heard of the accident she was very distressed—and once again she expressed her fears for her daddy's safety, and I had to tell a whole series of "white lies" in order to convince her that there was nothing to worry her little head and heart about.

In the afternoon she went to have her music lesson after school, and when she arrived home I could see that she was developing a bad cold. I got her to bed; but in the morning she seemed worse, and very listless, while she was obviously obsessed with the idea that her daddy was in some extreme danger.

By this time my own fears were running wild inside me—but I hid them from Anne. However, I had to send for the doctor in the end. And by the evening of the second day her temperature was high and she was almost delirious.

"A severe chill, with bronchial complications," the doctor said. "But nothing to be over-worried about."

But during that night Anne grew steadily worse. Her fretting became an insistent cry for her daddy. Never can I forget how my flesh crept, and I felt faint when she began calling out in her delirium: "Calling all ships—calling all ships—I want my daddy home."

I had thought she had forgotten that story. It was uncanny—and unnerving.

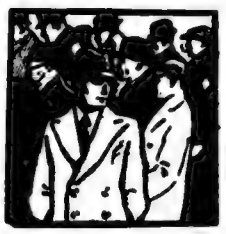
A NEIGHBOUR'S son ran for the doctor. I could see that he was anxious as soon as he made a further examination. "We must send for her father," he advised me. "It's the only thing that will pacify her and give her a chance of riding down her fever."

The doctor did everything he could. He attended to the details of the SOS, seeing the police about it, and having the B.B.C. broadcast it to ships in the region where my husband was working. His ship had wireless on board, too; so it seemed certain that Jim would get the message.

How he did is his part of this story, which is best told in his own words. . . .

"I was working in twenty fathoms and had been under for fifteen minutes. We had been held up for three days while we rode a storm at anchor with

The Human Machine



Pull Your Weight

YOUR thoughts are important. Yes— urs. Whoever you are, your thoughts are important, because you are part of the nation, and the mass-thought of a nation arises from the thoughts of the individuals who compose the nation.

Maybe this sounds both simple and obvious—now it has been pointed out to you. That's the trouble with simple and obvious things. They nearly always have to be pointed out before people see them!

Now that it has been pointed out, and now that you have seen it, don't start sniffing and saying that your thoughts can't possibly be of any value to anyone. You don't know. You can't judge. Your job is to think, and to go on thinking, and leave it to the world to estimate your value.

Just to give yourself an idea of your possible value to the world if you go on using your brain as it should be used, think how much poorer the world would have been if all the men and women who have done things and achieved reforms, written great books, found things out and invented things had sat down and said: "Oh, I'm not going to bother. Who cares what I think? Let someone else do it who's cleverer than I am."

We should have been in a fine old mess, shouldn't we? Our civilisation wouldn't have advanced very far, would it? We are benefited every day because other people have used their brains properly.

We can't all be great inventors, scientists or reformers: but we can all do something. We can all smile when we would much rather cry: we can all give a helping hand to someone who is down: we can all think good when it would be much easier to think evil.

And, above all, we can all learn to think soundly, and to exercise our individual judgment correctly. For, in the end, there can be no sound national judgment unless the judgment of the individual is sound.

That is why you matter—and matter a great deal.

"He watched my pipe and ropes so that they would not become entangled with the wreckage while I crawled into Number Two hold"

Strangest Rescue of the Sea

verything battened down firmly. But t was fairly calm now.

"My chief was on the broken deck of he steamer we were salvaging, holding precarious stand on the slippery slope f marine vegetation. His job at the oment was to watch my pipe and ropes o that they would not become entangled ith the wreckage while I crawled into umber two hold, or severed by a sharp ace of broken steel.

"I had got to the length of the trong-room bulkhead, directly under the ross-bracing of the bridge frame. It as pitch dark except for my lamp. I emember feeling vaguely worried and aying to myself that the ship felt almost s if she were floating again. It was for ll the world like a body beginning to reathe once more. A weird sensation.

FROM a dead thing she had become something that vibrated and swung with an erie motion. At first I put it down to magination. But as I worked I became ore certain.

"I knew that she had been lying with er back across a sandhill that was as rm as a rock, and that she must have en in that position for years.

"Yet there was life all right in her. ust as if the currents were reaching wn to her—as if the three-day big ow had so agitated the waters that the eet was trembling down one hundred nd twenty feet to the sea-bottom.

"However, I had my work to do. I new my chief was watching and that o above my mates could be depended pon in any sudden emergency. But my magination wasn't big enough—as you'll e.

"Suddenly the man at the telephones n deck spoke down to me: 'Jim, you'd tter come up now. The chief's oming, too, as soon as he's seen you ear. Ready!'

"Wondering, I backed out. It took me ten minutes to get clear and give the signal to rise.

"When I had undressed I asked what was the matter. The chief took me by an elbow and turned me towards the cabins. 'Better pack some gear, Jim. There's a trawler coming alongside soon. Er—seems your little girl's not so well. She's fretting a bit for you.'

"That knocked my other fears out of my head. I hurried off to throw a few clothes into my case. As I was coming up on deck I heard a shout.

"The others on top had run to the side and were staring down at a heavy discoloration in the water and a million bursting bubbles that frothed about like a mad whirlpool.

"The chief waited until the disturbance settled. Then he got into his suit and went down to investigate the mystery. I was too worried to take much interest. I stood watching the trawler signal on making us and steam towards us.

"Just before the trawler tied into us the chief gave the signal to hoist and he broke water. I helped to unscrew his helmet, and when his face was revealed I saw that it was ashen and that his mouth was gaping.

"He looked at me strangely. 'You can thank your little lass, Jim,' he exclaimed hollowly. 'And you can give her my thanks, too. Something unholy has happened down there. Never saw anything like it—and I thought I knew a thing or two. The bottom—it has shifted to blazes.

"'Maybe the result of the blow we've been having. The hulk's gone right over. She's flat on her beam and — and—Number Two is blocked with all that rusty machinery careering down to the hatch opening. . . .'

"'You mean—I'd have been trapped?' I gasped.

"'Worse'n a rat! And heaven only knows what would have happened to me on top, too. . . .'

"Well, I went home with a wonder as big as my fear, and a prayer that was bigger than both.

"My journey was an agony of suspense, from Stornoway down to Glasgow and across country by train to Newcastle, where I caught a 'bus for our village—the last one that night.

"I found Anne desperately ill. But she took a quick turn for the better when she saw me. Standing by her bedside, her mother told me all that had happened.

"The next day, in the early afternoon, Anne wakened up from a refreshing sleep. We were both at her side and her eyes were bright and happy.

"THEN she looked at me and whispered: "Did you get my message, daddy?"

"I made to speak, but she added: 'I was calling all ships for you, daddy. It was terribly, terribly important.'

"I was too full of emotion to do more than nod and stroke her head. My wife was gripping my hand fiercely, and when I looked up at her there were tears in her eyes, although she was smiling.

"We had lived through a tremendous miracle. It will mean a thanksgiving all our days."

The Greatest of These—

THANK YOU

WE begin the New Year by a message of deep gratitude to all our readers who responded most generously to our Christmas Appeal not only for Sylvia's family, who, like Cinderella after her fairy godmother's visit, have had their sorrow transformed into joy, but on behalf of the many families of our unemployed ex-Service men who were able to enjoy a Christmas dinner.

We also thank the senders of parcels of clothing, dolls and toys. That many babies and toddlers are now rejoicing in pretty, warm woollies is due to the unfailing kindness of some of our readers who sent boxes of knitted coats, scarfs, caps, vests and so on, to whom we, as well as the tiny tots who were lucky enough to receive them, owe a debt of gratitude.

Messrs. Dean's Rag Book Company, Ltd., as in past years, by their splendid gift of books and animals, enabled us to add to the parcels we despatched that Christmas touch which brought a visit from Santa Claus to kiddies whose parents feared he was going to pass them by.

It would surely be difficult to find so generous a firm of toy manufacturers in Great Britain as Dean's. Their "Dismal Desmonds" deserve a better name. We know what a good laugh children get out of them.

There is an old German motto which runs:—

What I spent I had,
What I saved I lost,
What I *gave* I *have*,

which leaves us with the comforting knowledge that our kind-hearted readers who have responded not only this Christmas, but all the year round, to our appeals are really gainers and not losers through their liberality. We wish them all a happy and prosperous 1936, and we hope they will continue to support this, their special Fund.

New Year donations should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Radiate Sunny Health!

Those who radiate sunny health are the people who get on—both in business and socially. You shouldn't look and act as though all the worries of the world were on your shoulders. Usually it is common constipation that makes people dull and dispirited.

More "bulk" in your diet will soon overcome constipation. No need to use pills or drugs. And in Kellogg's ALL-BRAN you will find a pleasant way to get that "bulk."

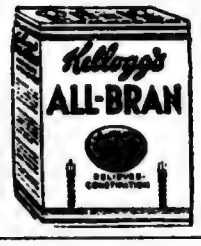
The "bulk" in it gently exercises the intestines and the Vitamin B in it purifies and enriches the blood. Get rid of the poisons and wastes in your body and *you'll* soon be radiating sunny health.

Eat two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily with cold milk or cream. No cooking required. Sold by all grocers.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve

CONSTIPATION



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NOW ONLY 7½d. per packet

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830

"FOR A PARTY to SUCCEED ROWNTREE'S JELLY is WHAT YOU NEED"
MY MUMMY'S PARTY WAS SO NICE. WE HAD JELLIES! ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE JELLIES AT YOUR PARTY, TOO?
TRY THESE ROWNTREE'S JELLIES, MADAM. MOST PEOPLE BUY THEM, THEY CONTAIN REAL FRUIT JUICES— YOU KNOW
THINKING
I'VE NEVER SEEN CHILDREN SO FOND OF JELLY—IT MUST BE THE REAL FRUIT TASTE OF ROWNTREE'S
M-M-M! YOUR MUMMY'S JELLYS AS GOOD AS MINE. IT'S SCRUMPTIOUS.
CAN I HAVE SOME MORE JELLY, PLEASE MRS WILSON?

HERE'S A RECIPE FOR YOUR PARTY

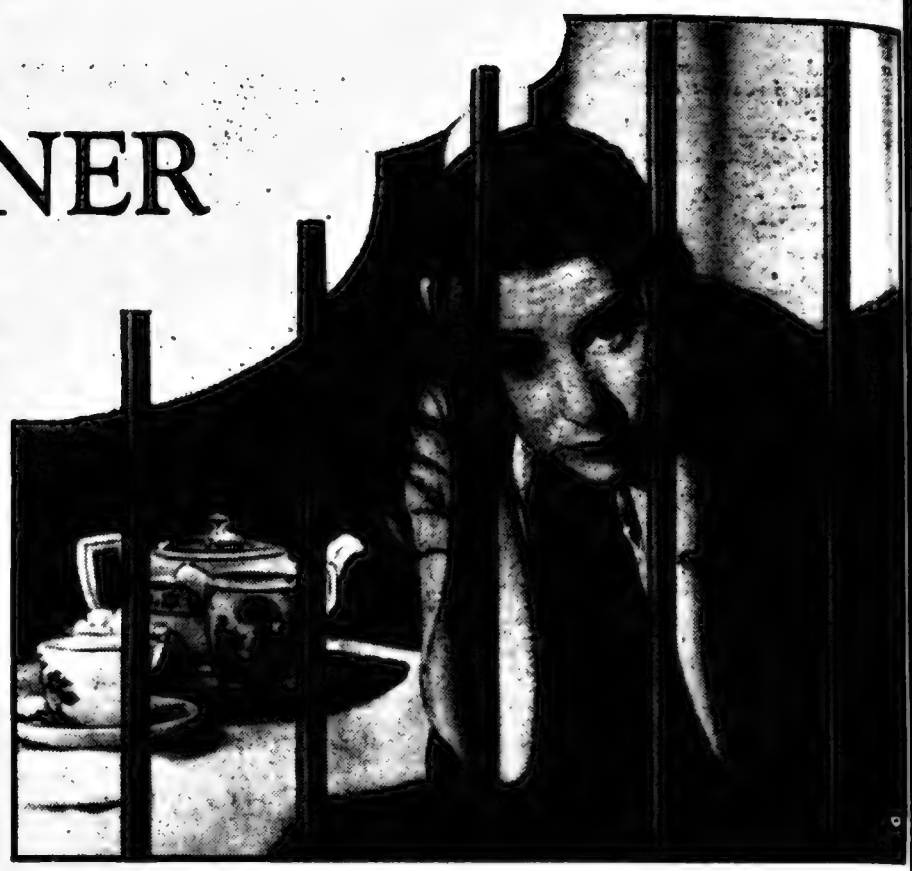
FESTIVE CREAMS:

One packet Rowntree Raspberry Jelly, one packet Rowntree Greengage Jelly, one pint Milk. Dissolve each jelly separately in quarter-pint of hot water. Allow to cool, then stir in half-pint of fresh cold milk. Pour a little of the Raspberry Jelly into sundae cups, and fill up with Greengage Jelly. A few silver cachous can be sprinkled on top.

4½D A PACKET

'HOARSE' SENSE!
Take
1D NIPITS 3D
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST
PASTILLES
FROM ALL CONFECTIONERS

HIS PRISONER WIFE



A woman whose husband has turned the home into a prison for her must stand up for herself, not only for her own sake, but for her children's. To run away is no solution

Human Documents by Philip Inman

WHEN I read some of the letters sent to me I am ashamed of my own sex, so incredible is the way some men can treat their wives.

People talk about slavery in Abyssinia, but it can be found far nearer home. What other word can describe the lot of the woman who sets me this problem:

I was married seven years ago and have three children, two girls and a boy. The first house we lived in was about ten minutes' walk from my sister's, so that I was able to pass the time with her on the frequent occasions when my husband was out. Then he stopped me from going to see her, and when he was told of a house about a mile and a half away he took it, as he told me, just to keep me at home. He would not take me out anywhere and he would not let me go out myself.

All this worry and quarrelling has told on my health and my doctor has said that I am terribly run down, and, if I am not careful, the result will be serious. When I was married I weighed eight stones and I am only six stones two pounds now. I am in the house day and night and never see a face I know except the children.

My husband has different shifts and when he is working late I have tried to steal out for a little while, but the last time I did this he found out and ill-treated me till I was exhausted.

I have decided to run away and leave him to look after the children, for my seven years of married life have been hell and I know he will never change. Do you think I should be happy away from the children and could I ever see them in after-years? I will try to do whatever you say.

I HAVE read this letter with great sympathy. That house is not a home, but a prison, and I can understand just how hopeless the future must seem for this woman. But if she leaves her home and children it will not solve her problem. Heavy as her burden is now, she would not escape from it by moving away.

How could she enjoy any peace of mind if she left her little bairns to the mercy of one who has proved so cruel and inhuman? Let her remember that she is their mother and that they are completely dependent upon her. It would oe cowardice to shirk her responsibility

At the same time I agree that matters cannot be left where they are. She has already seen her doctor about her health. I would advise her to tell him the cause of her trouble. It is unfair to expect any medical man to prescribe for a patient without telling him the whole story.

Mental anxiety has a great influence upon the physical condition. And the first step towards a cure is to set the mind at rest. Possibly the doctor would have a straight talk with that husband and try to ensure a happier future for her.

Then, as this woman's health improves she must not be afraid to stand up for herself. She has done her duty in the home and she has every right to consideration and fair play.

Meantime, she must remember her children. Her care for them will, I am sure, help her to forget her own sorrows. And I hope as the years go by they will realise what she has endured for their sakes and recompense her fully for it.

A home and a child are well worth fighting for. And my next correspondent has put up a brave show without much success. She says:

I am a married woman of thirty-three, with one boy of ten. In the early part of this year I learned that my husband had been meeting another girl for at least two years and that he had had a child by her. You can imagine the anguish of that awful blow. The girl's people claimed maintenance or a lump sum, and as he hadn't any money, rather than let his people know, I took the money I had been given by my father a few years ago and lent it to him. He promised never again to deceive me and I determined to win through and regain the happiness of earlier years.

But now I feel my heart will burst, for I have definite proof that he is keeping company with another woman. He leaves us every evening and never tells me where he goes. I have appealed to him for our boy's sake to start all over again, but he will not listen to me. I possess all the evidence to regain my freedom, but always I hope he will change. It seems all like a nightmare to me.

Now what is this woman to do? It is a difficult question. She has already done more than any wife should have to do. She overlooked her husband's first lapse, she used her own money to help him and she has appealed to him "for the boy's sake" to go straight. But all to no avail.

I know how repugnant the thought of separation must be to her, although I have known cases where a temporary parting had led to a permanent reconciliation. But there is also the other possibility. A man freed from the anchorage of a home may easily go from bad to worse. Then reunion becomes impossible.

This woman still *hopes* that her husband will change. If there is the slightest chance of that happening I urge her to struggle on. She talks about her "husband's people." Does that mean his parents or his brothers and sisters? If they are near relations, can't they have a straight talk with him? They may be able to influence him in the right way.

MY correspondent deserves her reward. I trust she will have it. If, unfortunately, her husband refuses to play the man and the parting of the ways has to come, I know she will be brave, as she has been through these troublous years. She will have to make up to her boy for the loss of his father's love and guidance. But she will have the consolation of his affection and companionship.

In my first letter the problem was slavery, then infidelity, and now jealousy. My next correspondent writes:

My husband is a great deal older than I am and in lots of ways he is goodness itself, but his insane jealousy has made my life an absolute misery. If he sees me talking to anyone he is unpleasant for days. If I ask anybody in, he immediately begins to pull them to pieces, and as a result I can make no friends.

The only thing I do stand out for is a weekly visit to the kinema, but half the enjoyment is taken away, knowing what I shall have to suffer in consequence. If it were not for our two children, a lovely girl and boy, I think I should have left him long ago. Can you find a solution, Mr. Inman, as this treatment is crushing all the brightness and joy out of my life and gradually breaking my spirit?

THE only course is to reason with this man. Let him be made to see how cruelly and unjustly he is acting. This woman says he is "goodness itself" in many ways.

Appeal to him to spread that goodness until it cures this one curse. It is no use a man giving with one hand and more than taking it back with the other.

I seldom advise outside interference in such cases. But sometimes it does work. There are people who listen to others when they ignore their own folk. My correspondent must decide whether it would be wise to ask someone to talk to her husband—a family friend, an older relative, a clergyman or a doctor.

If matters do not improve I think a psychologist should be consulted. After all, jealousy has its roots in the mind, and many wonders have been achieved in this field. In case she needs it, I am sending her the name and address of one to whom she can write.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted

Have you a personality?

Why allow others to dictate to you what you should eat and drink. Stand up for your rights and insist on what you want. If you have any difficulty in obtaining SANDEMAN Port or Sherry use that personality of yours and get it! Don't be dictated to!

Unrivalled for 145 years

SANDEMAN
PORT AND SHERRY

THEYVE GIVEN ME SUCH AN UNCOMFORTABLE BED - I TOSSED AND FIDGETED ALL NIGHT. HOW DID YOU GET ON?
DONT KNOW WHAT THE BED WAS LIKE / I TOOK MY CUP OF BOURN-VITA AS USUAL, SLEPT LIKE A TOP AND FEEL FINE!

Soon after that we received this letter:

Dear Sirs,

I should like to let you know what great benefit I have derived from your splendid product during the past four years. It is undoubtedly a wonderful aid to digestion, sleep and energy, and certainly the best night-cap I've ever yet discovered. All business men who have problems to solve daily should follow my example and start to take Bourn-vita the last thing each night; they will soon wonder why they had not done so years ago. For jaded nerves and a tired, restless body there is nothing to touch it; your advertisements are perfectly true, but of course all the Cadbury efficiency and reputation is behind them.

Yours faithfully (signed) P. P.

last night's

BOURN-VITA

is helping him now!

NOW THIS AFFECTS YOU. Life makes heavy and continuous demands upon your energies. You must have your full measure of refreshing, energising sleep if you are to avoid over-exhaustion and strain. *And that is just what Bourn-vita helps you to get.* This delightful combination of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate is a fine energy-food in itself and helps you to digest your other food. It will bring you sound, refreshing sleep. Start a course of Bourn-vita this very night, and by this time tomorrow you too will be saying: *'Last night's Bourn-vita is helping me now!'*

Bourn-vita is a CADBURY product

Make 1936 the first of many comfort-years

GIVE YOUR HOME A Berkeley

Fully Patented No. 414464.

Make 1936 the year that you'll always remember as the beginning of *perfect* comfort in your home—install the New Berkeley Superlax and make sure of future as well as present happiness. For this is the Easy Chair that suits every mood. The modern scientific design ensures that everyone—tall or short—can find the ideal position of rest and relaxation. Because of its patented automatic action you can change from upright to resting or lounging positions without making any adjustment, or even getting out of the chair. The New Berkeley Superlax is a wonderful investment with which to start the New Year. A joy to sit in and a comfort to look at, it is a lasting source of satisfaction because of its durability and its amazing value. That a chair of such quality and luxurious beauty can be offered at the low price is only possible because it is a specialised production from the world's largest upholstery factories, and because thousands are sold yearly direct from our factories to the public.

10/- WITH ORDER

SPECIFICATION. Best Birchwood Frame. Wide Arms. Perfect Springing in Seat and Back. Seat and Arms ALL-HAIR STUFFED. Beautiful and durable Coverings. Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed castors.

In B Quality Covering

PRICE CASH 67/6

or 70/- :—10/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

SETTEE to match £5 : 12 : 6

GUARANTEE. *We deliver soon after Receipt of First Payment with order, and if the value of any Berkeley Model does not come up to your expectations you may return it within seven days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money in full.* **FREE DELIVERY in England, Wales and Scotland.**

Genuine Berkeleys are made only in our own Factories and are not obtainable through any other furnishing house.

The NEW Berkeley SUPERLAX

The Easy Chair that Adjusts Itself

H. J. SEARLE & SON LTD.
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70-78, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON, S.E.1.

West End Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., S.W.1
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COUPON Please send me Catalogue of all Models of Berkeley Upholstery, together with complete range of Coverings.

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John Bull. .....

MOTHER!
Honey and Pine will
Stop Child's Cough

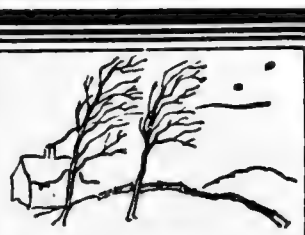
You never can tell what serious results may follow a neglected cough; a really effective remedy should therefore be given immediately.

The soothing, healing and germ-killing properties of the squills, tolu, ipecacuanha, honey and pine in 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup combine to make it the quickest and most effective remedy known to science for coughs, sore throat, chest colds and bronchial affections.

If there's a cough in the house, get a 1/6 bottle from your chemist to-day; in any case, make a note of the name:

'Pineate'
BRAND
HONEY SYRUP

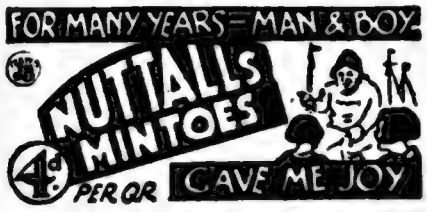
The Cough Remedy for Children



When chilly breezes make your throat troublesome . . an Allenburys Pastille soothes the membranes bringing quick relief.

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES
FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8°& 1/3

FOR MANY YEARS = MAN & BOY



By an Ex-Trooper

'Last Post' for the ARMY'S Horse

"The glamour of the jingling spur, the pageantry of the clashing scabbard, have seen their day"

WHO will be the gay adventurer favoured to ride on parade astride the last surviving horse of the British Army? What are the memories that epic event will recall?

For the day is coming, there can be no doubt about that. Lovers of horses, and patrons of romance and chivalry alike have done their uttermost to stave it off, but the day of the mounted soldier is spent.

Where fighting men are concerned, the glamour of the jingling spur, and the pageantry of the clashing scabbard, have seen their day.

The threshing tractors of the cumbrous tank, the ominous turrets of the armoured car, and the telescopic lens of the cameraman-scout, flying high above the earth, have ousted the "long-faced chums" of Tommy Atkins at last. "Last Post" has sounded for the Army's horse.

The cavalry is "dying" as hard as ever it did, but in the face of modern developments, its heroism is in vain. Soon the massed trumpeters will sound "stables" for the "grand finale," and "boot and saddle" will be no more.

Hard upon the amalgamation of a number of famous regiments comes the news that, with the exception of the picturesque Life Guards, almost the entire cavalry arm is to be converted into mechanised units.

Whether or not Tommy Atkins of the future—behind his machine-gun and a wall of steel—will feature in any display of courage to equal the gallantry of the "Greys" at Waterloo, or the futile heroism of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, remains to be seen.

Tommy Atkins is in the process of learning his job all over again. Petrol has replaced the issue of forage, the spanner has taken the place of grooming kit; and he has to learn the mysteries of the magneto, whereas in former days he learned the ailments to which his charger was heir.

High standard

In all parts of the world, Tommy Atkins and his "long-faced chum" have become popular at some time or another.

In the villages of northern Flanders, in the valleys of the Rhineland; along the scattered trails leading from Cairo to Baghdad; through all the length and breadth of India, and in the remoteness of Central Africa, alike, the cavalryman has always carried with him something more than a spirit of warlike preparations.

Where chivalry and consideration are concerned, Tommy Atkins with his armoured motor-lorry and his whippet tank, has a very high standard to which to aspire

With his horses and their cuts and bruises, their urgent need of water and fresh grass—the concern of Tommy Atkins lest they should suffer lack of rest, lack of anything, or from either heat or cold—the cavalryman introduced a human note into the stern game of bloody contest.

One of the famous regiments to exchange reins for steering-wheels is the Queen's Bays (2nd Dragoon Guards), founded in 1685, since which time it has served in almost every war and taken part in many a gallant action.

"Rusty-buckles"

The Bays were at Warburg with William of Orange, and at the relief of Lucknow. In South Africa, entering a township after a long and tiring march in bad weather, the regiment earned itself the nickname of the "Rusty-buckles," which it has borne to this day.

The 21st Lancers have always celebrated in fitting manner their victory over the dervishes in a wild charge at Omdurman: and the 6th Dragoon Guards have sounded their own *reveille* in the maintenance of their good name. The 3rd Dragoon Guards, knit up with the "Carabineers," as the 6th were always called, have always been proud of their horses.

A trooper of the 4th Hussars is reputed to have fired the first shot for the British Army in the Great War: and the band of the 12th Lancers played hymns on the barrack square every evening since the Peninsular Wars. They were awarded that punishment by the "Iron Duke" himself for a cavalry misdeed.

The 17th Lancers—called the "Death or Glory Boys," because the skull and crossbones form their crest—went with the Light Brigade to inspire Tennyson's immortal poem.

The 5th Dragoon Guards, sister regiment to the equally well-known Inniskilling Dragoons, brought back a pony captured in a charge made during the early days of the Great War, still the regimental mascot. One wonders what will happen to it when petrol rations are issued in lieu of hay and grain.

But we may rest assured that "Frits" will be safely looked after, for no cavalryman leaves his horse without food and shelter.

Horses have featured in the most furious battles, and in the futile, forlorn trials of skirmish, shock action, and guerilla warfare, carrying the man on its back to victory or death, as the case may be: but they have kindled in the hearts of the men who sat astride them a forbearance and a human sympathy which have never failed.

When the first British troops arrived on the Rhine after the war, the German people were in a state of terror, fearing barbarity and rapine: but the arrival of troops of mounted men in the villages and farmsteads, requesting with doffed helmets for accommodation and water, soothed their troubled minds.

And not only the cavalryman with his sword and haversack, but the artillerymen and the transport men with their sweating teams, have never failed to make hearty contact and establish good will among both friends and enemies.

The terrified horses that dragged the guns from before the bayonets of the Germans at Le Cateau were the personal friends and constant companions of the drivers who urged them with their shoulders to the wheels.

It will be difficult to feel the same about an iron-clad tank or a steaming armoured car, but Tommy Atkins can be relied upon to do his uttermost.

Forge, too

The last man to ride on parade mounted in the British Army, be he General, staff officer, or merely orderly with despatches from near-by headquarters, will be a most envied individual.

The forge, as an institution, with its array of farriers ready to fit a new set of iron shoes, or dress a girthgall, will disappear, but the horse will stay, an inspiration, and a "long-faced chum" in the minds of thousands of men who turn out to fill tanks with petrol, instead of "catching-as-catch-can" as much grub as possible for whinnying chargers.

FORTUNE'S TURN

THIS is the story of a man for whom everything seemed to go wrong.

Ever since the war, in which he served as one of the "Old Contemptibles," fate seems to have dealt every hand against him.

"And yet I have been a trier all my life," he writes, "so you can imagine I have been fed up to the full."

The culmination of fortune came only a week or so ago. A sudden blaze-up from the fire and the chimney caught light. Sparks from the chimney set fire to the roof.

Soon the whole house was ablaze, the house next door as well. The two buildings were doomed before a fire engine could reach the spot.

* * *

Home gutted, furniture gone—this seemed the worst tragedy of all. And yet, as it has proved since, there was something in it that made him wonder whether the future is not going to be brighter for him.

He had sent away a coupon—there is an exact copy of it awaiting your signature on page 2, and the result was that we paid for his ruined effects under the terms of our unique free insurance scheme.

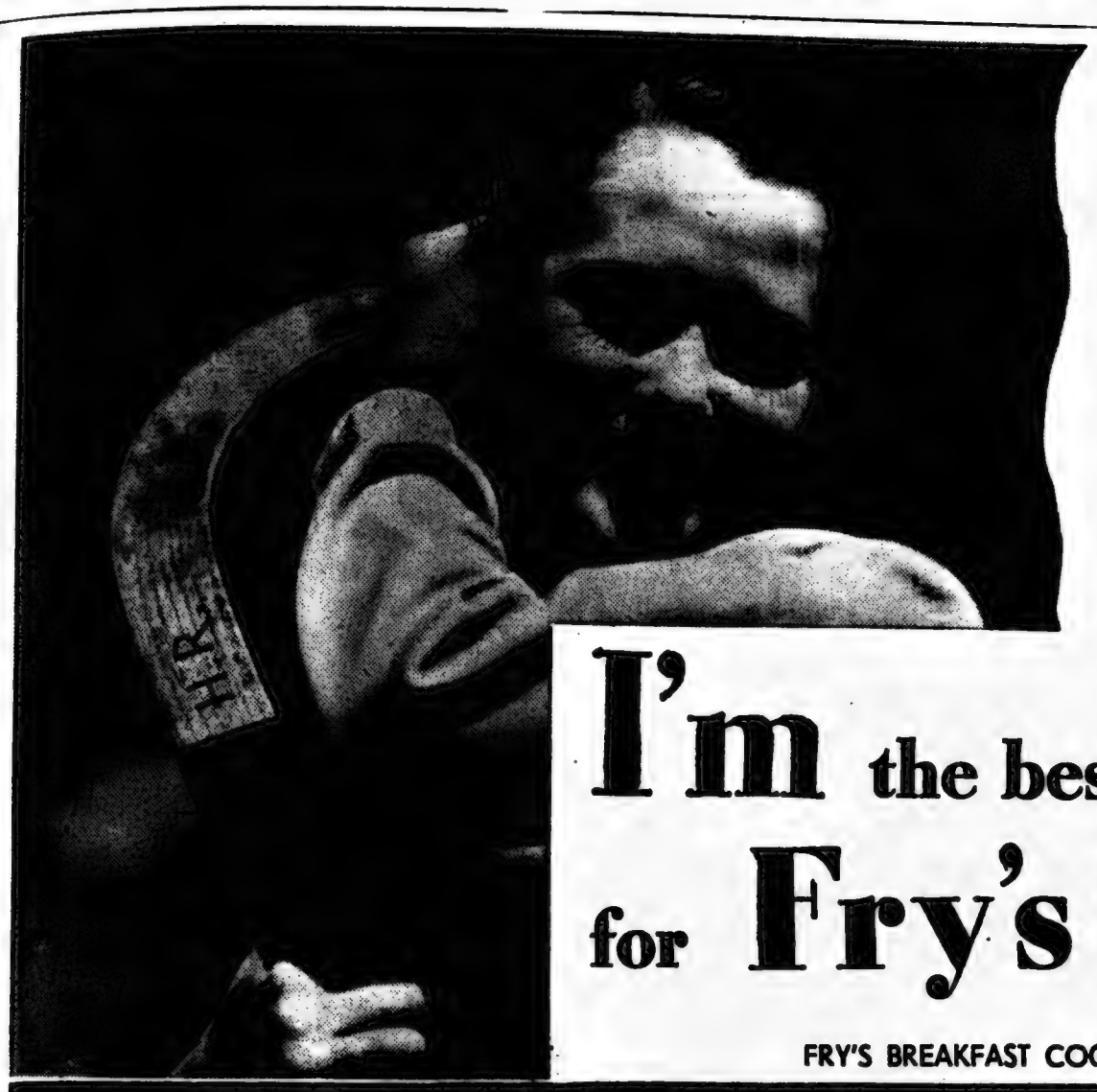
"I hope our run of bad luck has ended now," he writes to us cheerfully.

Are you one of the unlucky ones? If you are, send in that coupon now. Then, if such misfortunes as this come your way, no element of luck enters into the result. We shoulder your burden.

"Pilot Unconscious"

With reference to a JOHN BULL reader's story, "In Mid-Air—Pilot Unconscious," in our issue of October 19, the article was not intended in any way to relate to aircraft belonging to or operated on the service of the Deutsche Luft Hansa or any other German line.

We are informed that machines owned by the company named have crews of at least two and in many cases three or more.



Helen wasn't always the gloriously healthy specimen of British girlhood she is to-day. But during the last twelve months she has advanced remarkably in physique, in energy, in self-reliance—and in good looks. That is since she started taking Fry's Cocoa every day, and her father declares he has never seen a clearer case of cause and effect.

Did *you* know how fine a food Fry's Cocoa is—how rich in body-building elements? And have you discovered its lovely flavour?

Daddy says

I'm the best advertisement for Fry's Cocoa

FRY'S BREAKFAST COCOA PER ¼LB. NET WEIGHT 5½d.

FREE GIFT COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

CO.173.91035

COLDS-COUGHS-SORE THROATS ARE ON THE INCREASE

Colds, coughs, sore throats, 'flu and all sorts of feverish complaints are about. SO STAMP THEM OUT NOW—WITH 'ASPRO.' You can do it if you act at once. At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be banished—the infection stopped. For a feverish cold or 'flu take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink, and you will find the 'flu or cold disappear. 'ASPRO' claims are not mere assertions, they have been proved true by thousands of your fellow-citizens. So do not be put off with make-believe—ask for 'ASPRO'—see that you get it—then use it. Remember

NOW IS THE TIME FOR 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by ASPRO, Limited, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO'

TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hill-Side Stores,
Lawford, Essex.

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.

Yours gratefully, C. MAYTHORN.

COLDS GO LIKE MAGIC

Tyrie Bleachfield,
Kirkcaldy, Fife.

Dear Sirs,

For some time past I have been troubled with severe colds in the head, but after taking a friend's advice to try 'ASPRO' all headaches and the cold went like magic. Two 'ASPRO' tablets are worth more than a dozen ordinary aspirins.

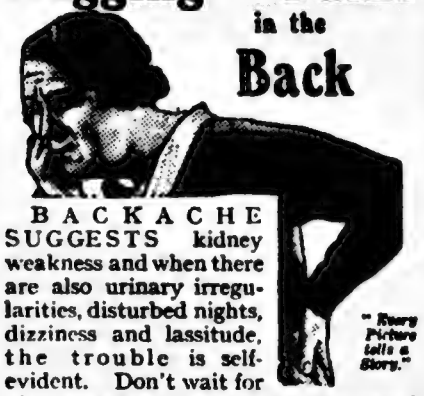
I am, Yours faithfully,
J. BURKE (Mr.).

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

Nagging Pains in the Back



BACKACHE SUGGESTS kidney weakness and when there are also urinary irregularities, disturbed nights, dizziness and lassitude, the trouble is self-evident. Don't wait for rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago! Strengthen the kidneys at once with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They put an end to needless pain and will bring back your health and vigour.

Colds weaken the Kidneys.

Mrs. B. Houghton, 16, Llanwern Street, Newport, Mon., says:—"The least cold affected the kidneys, causing severe dragging pains in the lower part of my back. At times my hips were rheumatic, the pains extending down to the ankles. The kidney excretions were disordered and contained sediment.

"I am thankful I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They have done me more good than anything else I have ever tried.

(*Signed*) B. Houghton."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

Doans BACKACHE KIDNEY **Pills**

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,

Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

***after* SMOKING**

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

Homesick!

It makes "COWARDS" of US ALL

WHAT a laugh of derision goes up in the school dormitory when the new boy bursts into a flood of tears and sobs out: "I want to go home"; or when in the barrack room, thousands of miles over the sea, a young recruit makes the same faltering admission!

Everywnere you will hear people with the courage to admit they are homesick.

And always "I want to go home" is taken as a sign of weakness, and lack of manliness, except among the old hands wise enough to know different.

Well, the laugh at the moment is at the expense of Eddie Wenstob, the Canadian cowboy boxer.

He came here quite recently as a "human tornado" for whom great things were prophesied. And then, when he should have appeared in a top-of-the-bill engagement at Bristol the other day, a substitute had to take his place.

"I am homesick," he said in excuse, braving the derision of friends and critics alike. And now Jock McAvoy, who a few days ago took U.S. by storm, has come home with a similar excuse.

The homesick boxer?—well, he is in excellent company, whatever you may think about it.

SINCE Napoleon sank with his head in his hands during the campaign in the Alps and gave way to an ungovernable longing for home, there have been thousands of men of courage and mettle who have felt much the same about it.

Ambrose Palmer, the Australian boxer, is a man who will understand and sympathise with Eddie Wenstob.

A week ago he was rushing across the world to reach Australia in time for Christmas, a victim of the most acute form of homesickness. One wonders whether he got home in time.

Very similar was Pete Herman, the American boxer who came here to meet Jimmy Wilde. He was afflicted with such deep melancholy when he entered the ring that he didn't really care whether he won or lost. To get back home and allay the strange pangs at his heart was the one aim and ambition of his life.

As it happened, he was one of the few men to beat the great little Welshman. And the next morning he was on a boat back to America, which he planned to do whether he won or lost.

Then there was Don Bradman. His health suffered, his playing, too, under the terrible homesickness he felt when he first came to England. In fact, pining for home is one of the commonest causes of loss of form among cricketers, footballers and tennis players alike when they are representing their countries away from home.

Almost like being at home! Eddie Wenstob, cowboy boxer from Canada, takes a ride in England. But it didn't stave off that yearning for home

AND, lest you still think that personal courage has something to do with it, some of our finest and bravest air pilots have given up lucrative posts in distant parts of the Empire to try to scratch a living in England—all because the pull of home has been too much for them.

Nostalgia, to give homesickness its medical name, has afflicted some of the greatest ambassadors ever.

There was Walter Page, for instance, America's war-time Ambassador to England. Although a tremendous sense of duty kept him here until, when the success of the Allies was assured, his health broke down, his letters reveal what torments of homesickness he endured.

Bonar Law might have remained in Canada, to which country he had gone as a youth, and became a great financial magnate there—if the pull of home had not dragged him back to Scotland. And so this strange and elusive complaint gave us at least one Prime Minister.

Film artists often throw up fortunes rather than endure the pains and horrors of it.

Not for a small reason would Miss Binnie Barnes have given up a star part in that great film, "Cavalcade," to come racing back from Hollywood to England—yet that's the effect that homesickness had on her.

Then when Benita Hume was to have signed her first Hollywood contract an understanding studio chief offered to pay for her holiday in England so that she could get "home" out of her system before she began work.

She accordingly came back to England, saw Hyde Park on a fine Spring morning—and promptly cabled Hollywood to say she couldn't go back. She has acclimatised herself to working brilliantly and steadily for long periods in Hollywood since then—but she knows best what agonies can torture the breast of the exile from home.

Cowardice, lack of determination or purpose? No, homesickness has nothing to do with those failings.

If it had, how could one account for the fact that mountain people who go to live in the lowlands are always affected and people who go from low-lying country to mountainous districts rarely?

For this reason it has been an offence to play "Lochaber no more" in the presence of Scottish troops during several campaigns. In the fight for Canada it was made an army offence.

The French found their hired Swiss soldiers so susceptible to homesickness that they prescribed the death penalty for anyone playing or singing "Ranz des Vaches" when one of them was within earshot And quite a number of commanding officers of British units during the Great War made a strong protest against the singing of "Home, Sweet Home" in billets or canteens.

NO wonder, for if ever a song came from the heart of a homesick man, that did, John Howard Payne, American Consul at Tunis, had never known a real home for forty years when he wrote the words to an old Sicilian air—words which expressed just what his lonely heart was feeling.

Actually there is so little we know about homesickness; practically nothing, in fact, except that it is most often found in people with an inability to adapt themselves to new situations or break with old habits.

Brave men, it has been said, are peculiarly liable to it—a fact which should be remembered by those who sneer at the homesick as effete or spineless persons.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Part of the proceeds are to be given BY local hospitals."

COLWYN BAY AND DISTRICT "TOWN TALK":—"I will do my best to serve you CONSCIOUSLY."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"——, a FRESH polisher, had a narrow escape in an accident. . . ."

RADCLIFFE TIMES:—"Immediate steps be taken to have the DEACONS in this district lighted during certain hours of the nights."

WESTERN DAILY PRESS AND BRISTOL MIRROR:—"An engine became derailed outside the station, blocking the path of the EXPERTS."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—". . . is coming to give a concert, probably for a half-empty AUDIENCE, too."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"The other was an old gentleman in a bowler hat, smoking a long CIGARETTE HOLDER."

THAMESSIDE MAIL:—"Hundreds of people took the opportunity to have a FIGHT in an airplane. . . ."

ABERDEEN PRESS AND JOURNAL:—". . . was well known and highly respected not only by local shipowners and SEAFARMING men . . . ."

BARNSLEY CHRONICLE:—"There were six bridesmaids dressed in white figured satin with head-dresses of SILVER SHOES and carried posies."

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO YOU

Important Concession!

We have pleasure in announcing that we have been successful in making arrangements which enable us to extend our Gift Offer—which has proved so overwhelmingly popular—**FOR A FURTHER FIFTEEN DAYS.**

Take advantage of this concession **AT ONCE** by **CASHING** the Gift Vouchers below. Each will be accepted in **PART PAYMENT** for one of these magnificent Writing Sets.

Post your application at once!

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — **2/9**

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until *January* 18, 1936.

No. A/63784

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER.

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **2/9** cash in part payment of "John Bull's" **5/6** Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB**, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, retel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH PEN

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher — **7/6**

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until *January* 18, 1936.

No. B/63784

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as **7/6** cash in part payment of "John Bull's" **12/6** Writing Set de Luxe. Handsomely finished in glossy black and beautifully streamlined, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. **Two inlaid 18-ct. rolled-gold bands encircle the pen, which is made of an entirely new material of remarkable durability—it is guaranteed unbreakable.** The pen has a sunk lever self-filling device, and the pocket clip to match accentuates the lustrous finish. The extra heavy **14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB** has costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip, rubber and extra leads, and is fitted with propel, retel and expel movement. It also has an 18-ct. rolled gold band. A decorative Golden satin-lined Casket sets off this magnificent Gift.

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET.

A Reader writes:

"I had your 'JOHN BULL' Pen and Pencil Xmas Gift, the 'DE LUXE' Set, and I am more than satisfied. I think it is the most wonderful bargain I ever had."

C. T., Fulham.

BRITISH MADE

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull," Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value **2/9** which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **5/6** Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for **2/9**, plus **3d.** for postage and insurance, making **3/-** in all.

or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value **7/6**, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" **12/6** Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for **5/-**, plus **3d.** for postage & Insurance, making **5/3** in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium. Broad.

If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

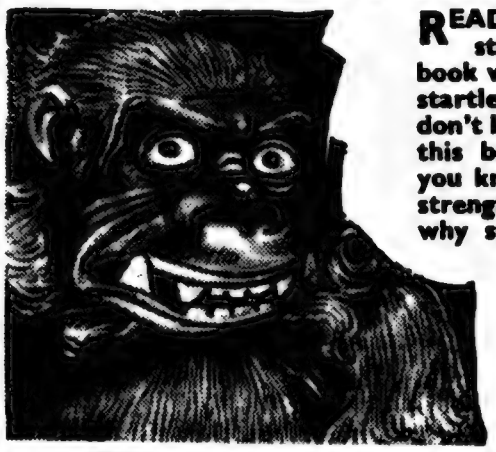
.....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

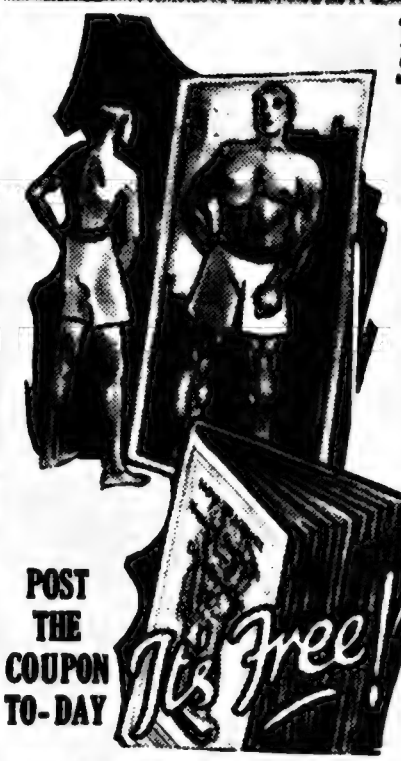
Cross Cheques or Postal Order / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull."

J.B., 4/1/36.

What Gives a GORILLA the STRENGTH of 10 Men?



READ the most sensational book on strength ever published. This book will amaze you with its facts—startle you with its possibilities. You don't know you're alive until you get this book in your own hands. Do you know what gives a gorilla the strength of 10 men? Do you know why strength and virility are connected? It will answer questions you have hardly dared to ask yourself, and you can get a copy FREE—if you hurry. Fill in the Coupon NOW, this minute, and post it TO-DAY!



POST THE COUPON TO-DAY — *It's Free!*

The "SECRETS of MUSCULAR STRENGTH" ——— FREE!

750 Copies to be sent ONLY!

YOU have never seen a book like this before. No publisher has ever dared publish such a book. Its truth is glaring, its secrets are startling—it is the most amazing book that has ever appeared in England. The moment you turn over its pages you will be enthralled, you won't blink an eyelash until you have read every word. It is crammed full of startling pictures — true life photographs—startling text—amazing facts, and yet for a while you can get this wonder book FREE, if you hurry! 750 Copies ONLY will be sent in response to this advertisement. If your enquiry arrives too late you may never get an opportunity again. It is NOW or never. Rip the coupon out and post TO-DAY!

This Offer expires SHORTLY—Post NOW!

WHAT THIS AMAZING BOOK TELLS YOU!

- How to Add Inches to Your Chest.
- How to Strengthen Your Back.
- How to Treble Your Strength.
- How to Get Strong Nerves.
- How to Get Great Strength.
- How to Develop a Muscular Body.
- How to Cultivate Personality.
- How to be Successful.
- How to Attract Friends.
- How to do Feats of Strength.
- How to be Always Well.
- How to Get Endless Endurance.

ANNOUNCEMENT

This book is the outcome of the requests of hundreds of men and is being offered to men only. In it is the truth about manhood. Why men fail as husbands, the reason why sweethearts quarrel. It proves to the reader that deep down in every man's heart is a desire to be strong, to be well developed, to be admired. There are no half-truths, no "beating about the bush," in it are the plain unvarnished truths. Women want he-men, they always have and they always will. This remarkable book will tell you how to quickly transform your body, how to add inches to your chest, broaden your shoulders, develop powerful arms, legs, neck and back. Between its covers is the story of how this truly amazing concentrated system of muscular development was discovered. You can put these principles to work at once and quickly change your body.

POST NOW!

30 DAYS Amazing Trial Offer!

ALFRED J. BRITON (Dept. A14)
8, BROADWAY, LONDON, W.6

Name .....

Address .....

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Send this Coupon TO-DAY!

BRONCHITIS

For bronchitis or colds or sore throats or chest colds, there's nothing in the wide world to equal Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. It is clean, stainless, and on the very first application you feel its "deep healing" warmth doing you good, easing the pain, loosening the congestion. It never fails. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist to-day. Costs 2/6d., but is very economical as, owing to its great penetrating power, you can use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Tottenham N. user says:

"I suffer at times from Bronchitis, in fact the least little cold flies to my chest. I also get rather a nasty stabbing pain in my chest. I find your Musterole Brand Ointment the best thing I have ever used, and I would not be without a jar of it in the house."

At all Chemists

2/6

MUSTEROLE BRAND Mustard Ointment

gives *certain* relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFFNESS, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

HAD MANY BAD TIMES WITH GASTRIC TROUBLE

One evening recently Mr. John Janes, of Portsmouth, was quietly listening-in—or half listening, rather, for the other half of his mind kept wandering to a dull, nagging pain in his stomach. Out of the air there floated a message that was to transform his existence. Read his letter:

"I have suffered from gastric trouble for years and have been under panel doctors for same, but got no relief. I have had some very bad turns; if I drank a glass of beer I was in agony.

"I became so bad that I grew frightened.

"Then I heard an announcement that Alex. C. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder was a great reliever of this complaint, so I decided to give it a trial. I am more than delighted to say that after the first day's trial I found great relief. I have taken only two small bottles and have not had any symptoms of my trouble since."

If you are having to endure the agony of stomach trouble you can profit by Mr. Janes's experience. Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder—the one with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." Your case will be quite exceptional if you fail to get immediate and lasting benefit. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, powder or tablets.

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT.

Price 1'6

Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

"KEEP FIT and STRONG"

—should be Your

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION!

Fill in the Coupons on pages 27 and 34 for full particulars of how you can enjoy Special Physical Training in your own Home and in your own time!

TOWN PLAN for SPORT!

by a Sporting Authority

NOT long ago I was talking to a Swiss hotelier — the owner of one of those vast winter sports palaces which have sprung up like gigantic and highly expensive mushrooms in the valleys and on the mountain sides of Switzerland during the past twenty years.

He started his career as a Soho waiter on 8s. a week. Now he visits England on an annual sight-seeing tour—a rich man.

"Don't you sometimes get sick to death of the sight of snow, snow, year after year?" I asked him.

He stared at me with shrewd and slightly sarcastic eyes.

"Does your English farmer sicken at the sight of his cornfields or his pastures year after year?" he asked. "My native snowfields are *my* cornfields—and a lot richer than most of your English farm lands are to the farmers to-day.

"And yet," he added, "I remember when I was a boy that a Swiss snowfield was just a waste of land, air, sunlight and snow—with a few goats browsing on the edge of it. To-day the snow sports are the National Bank of my country—worth millions to us.

"Why don't you English keep your own money and your own people at home for your own sports?" he added. "But you just go on building, building all over your lovely country—and what horrid little houses you build, too.

"Soon all your rich and middle-class people will come to spend still more of their money with us—on our so 'boring' snows! Ha!"

THAT foreigner spoke a mouthful of truth. If this country is to save its beauty, its countryside, its woods, fields and streams—all the immemorial loveliness which has made Britain the envy of the world—she must town-plan her countryside *now*.

Soon it will be too late. The land-jobber, the jerry-builder, the bungalow king and the roadside squatter will have killed the countryside, maimed her beauty and sent her tourists and sportsmen to spend their money elsewhere.

We must town-plan for sport in a big way—putting aside great belts and areas of countryside, miles of moors and rivers, on which the farmer and sportsman must have priority over the land-speculator and the jerry-builder. If not, we shall lose millions of good money and only get rural slums in exchange.

Have you ever stopped to think of the immense capital value of sport—rich man's sport and poor man's sport—to this country?

Here are a few figures which show the tremendous capital value of sport as a creator and distributor of wealth. Much of that wealth, which at present percolates through all sorts of channels and through every station in life, will be lost if England is allowed to become a rubbish heap of semi-derelict bungalows, with new ones going up next-door, in a landscape afforested by wireless poles.

Hunting, for example, by no means merely the rich man's sport, is credited with circulating no less than £15,000,000 a year in this country.

To begin with, there are between 80,000 and 100,000 horses kept for hunting alone. If we take the lower figure and work out the money they mean, it comes to the following table and total:

Grooms' wages	£3,200,000
Forage at £1 a week a horse	£4,160,000
Shoeing at £7 a horse a year	£560,000
Cost of keeping the packs	£847,000
Veterinary surgeons ..	£320,000
Fuel and sundries ..	£423,000
	£9,510,000

There are more than 220 packs of hounds in this country, so that, without going into unnecessary figures, it is quite safe to say that another £5,500,000 is spent each year on wages to hunt servants, food, hunting clothes and equipment, hunt subscriptions, claims for damage and work given to all the army of people such as tailors, bootmakers, corn dealers, whip makers, saddlers and hotel keepers into whose pockets hunting slips many a Treasury note.

More than 310,000 people take out shooting licences. It is estimated that it costs at least half a sovereign to rear every pheasant that is shot—not including the purely wild birds.

The cost of a grouse to a sportsman works out at about a pound a bird, while a stag may mean as much as twenty-five pounds in the rent and wages of a deer forest when he is finally stalked and shot.

SHOOTING is not only a great disseminator of wealth, but it is also the father of forestry in this country, responsible for many of the most beautiful views and landscapes in the British Isles.

How many people realise, when they are motoring, that the orderly disposition of the woods, the careful planning of the situation of one woodland in relation to another, the broken angles of large masses of woodland and the delightful "planning" which resulted in woods hanging along a hillside above a valley, or marching over flat country in belts and squares like platoons of soldiers, was all due in the first place to a desire to produce good pheasant shooting.

Yet how much more beautiful this country is when thus diversified and broken up than are the endless gloomy forests of France and Germany, State-planted, without any imagination at all.

The pheasant, in England at any rate, may very truly be described as the father of a great many of our woodlands and forests. We owe him a lot—and the housewife owes him most of all when she can buy him for 3s. 6d. or 4s., four pounds weight of good eatable bird, sold to the consumer at just about half the cost of production.

Fishing has many more followers, and distributes much more money than one would think at first sight. Not only are there more than 90,000 members of angling clubs, but it is a sport open to rich and poor alike, and one which has already done much to preserve the rivers of this country from pollution.

Had it not been for the sturdy resistance of anglers and angling clubs, many a fair stream of England would have been long ago rendered undrinkable and unfishable by the discharge of stinking effluents from factories, sewage farms and beet sugar works.

Fishing has done much to preserve the beautiful rivers from pollution

Case after case has been fought out in court on this subject, with the result that to-day the rivers of England are comparatively safe for posterity.

Let us take two other sports which, although their existence will not depend so much on the preservation of the country's amenities as the foregoing, yet mean an immense annual spending of money—racing and golf.

Racing distributes more than £500,000 a week in wages during the season each year. In conjunction with the blood-stock breeding industry, it is of the utmost national value as a money-producer. It is a sport for all, and by no means an insignificant pillar of the national revenue.

MORE than £100,000,000 is locked up in capital alone in the racing world.

As for golf, there are 1,060 golf clubs in England alone, with a membership of well over 250,000. These clubs between them rent or own something over 200,000 acres of land. Like the racecourses, they owe a good deal of their charm and attraction to the fact that their surroundings in most cases are delightful and comparatively unspoiled.

But unless the countryside of the future is safeguarded by some vast national town-planning scheme, the amenities of golf and racing will suffer. When that happens, hunting, shooting and fishing will suffer even more.

What will be the result?

The natural and logical answer is that with quicker and cheaper facilities for getting to the Continent most of those who now spend their money on sport in this country will go abroad, where you may be quite sure that the wily foreigner, with his eye on the main chance and his hand wide open, will be waiting to give them all those advantages which at the moment we are so foolishly destroying.

When that happens many millions of good English gold will go out of England annually and never return.

Study these Announcements by Leading Club Firms — New Year Opportunities for CLUB AGENTS — Every offer Investigated by JOHN BULL

AGENTS REQUIRED—HIGHEST COMMISSION PAID

£5 to £8 per week easily earned by live men with spare time to represent London's oldest Cash and Credit Departmental Store.

THIS IS NOT A CLUB DRAW AGENCY.

Every appointed Agent can promise his customers immediate delivery on payment of Deposit.

There is no waiting for Club Draw Tickets

Each Representative has Full Range of Samples Supplied without charge. All Illustrated Catalogues and Stationery Free. We specialise in Household Goods, Drapery, Boots, Shoes, Radio and Musical Instruments

Including Piano Accordions by all the Best Makers.

Jewellery of every description. Our Agents are able to open Accounts on the Most Favourable Terms. No outlay or experience required. Why not send to-day for particulars of Permanent Employment with us at Big Income?

Full details Free upon receipt of a Postcard addressed to "Staff Employment Manager."

J A DAVIS & Co

£1 FREE GIFTS

NOW IS THE TIME TO START A HIGHCO CLUB AMONGST YOUR FRIENDS. You can earn Big Cash Commission and also select a £1 Free Gift from the 400 page Catalogue immediately. This genuine offer is fully explained in a straightforward and easy manner. *Write for full particulars to-day.* Dept. H.10

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GIVE THEM MORE for their money!

That's the way to build up a business!

When you show your customers our big new Catalogue for 1936, you'll have an easy time picking up their orders! The goods sell on sight . . . and you will become known as the agent who always gives the most value for money! You can give better value and get bigger commission with the aid of our new big 1936 Catalogue! Send coupon now and then get busy.

POST COUPON NOW!

To BREWERTON'S MAIL ORDER STORES, Popular House, White Street, Manchester, 10.

Please send me FREE your Catalogue with particulars of how I can earn £3 to £10 or more in my spare time.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN.....

Put in unsealed Envelope, ½d. stamp only.

EASIEST WAY OF ADDING TO YOUR INCOME

It will pay you to find out at once about this amazing proposition. For just a little spare-time devotion to a very simple and straight-forward scheme you can earn big cases weekly. No capital or experience is needed and everything necessary for the agent is provided free. An agency for Ampriee 6d. Trade Value Club Cards is not to be confused with the usual 20 week Drapery or similar Clubs. The Ampriee scheme is definitely different and the cards sell at sight. Many agents are earning £3-£8 weekly—why not you? Fill in coupon at once for complete details.

Travellers required to appoint Agents (all districts). Salary and Commission.

To AMBLER PRICE & COLE LTD. (Dept. J.B.) Ampriee House, Acton Lane, LONDON, N.W. 10.

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your Books of Free Gifts.

NAME (BLOCK LETTERS).....

ADDRESS (BLOCK LETTERS).....

Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp). J.B. 166. 4/1/36

FILL IN & POST THIS COUPON.

1936 can mean at least £2 TO YOU!

RIGHT through the year you can make extra money as a happy organiser of a "Worldwide" Club. And not just one £2 either—"Worldwide" Club Organisers make from £2 up to £5 and more on every Club they run. Once you start with "Worldwide" you cannot help making money—and good friends too. That's why organisers say, "It's the friendliest and most profitable hobby in the world." They will tell you, too, that their Club members are always eager to join again. That is the proof of "Worldwide" superiority, for the success of a Club depends upon the satisfaction of the members. Read these letters; they are typical of hundreds we constantly receive:—

"Pleased to say my Club has been a great success, due to your consideration and prompt dispatch of your excellent goods which are fine value for money."—Mrs. J. O., Sheffield.

"Thank you for the speedy delivery, safe packing, and quality of all the goods. All my members have rejoined."—Mrs. H. H., Liverpool.

"I think your value is wonderful for the money, and all my friends are delighted."—Mrs. M. A., Gt. Yeldham.

"Thank you for your wonderful value and prompt attention. This is my 16th Club with nearly all the same members I started with."—Mr. C. F., Hindhead.

Fill up the Coupon NOW and get our illustrated booklet—Free and without any obligation—telling all about "Worldwide" Clubs and showing how easy it is to make this extra money, *steadily and regularly*. We will also send you our Big Bargain Catalogue, so that you can see our values for yourself. Don't miss this New Year opportunity—Post the Coupon to-day.

When you become a "Worldwide" Organiser you are associated with the fine traditions of this firm—famous wherever the English language is spoken—over 30 years' reputation for prompt, courteous, honourable dealings. You get good commission and profit-share and there is nothing to do you won't thoroughly enjoy—no canvassing, no samples to buy or carry and no selling to do. Everything you need provided for you FREE. Your friends and Club members benefit too. They save from 5/- to 10/- in the £ by buying direct from the warehouse, and all on simple 1/- weekly terms.

FREE BOOKLET & CATALOGUE COUPON

To WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles Street, Manchester 1.

Please send me free and without obligation your Illustrated Bargain Catalogue and full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs, showing how I can earn from £2 up to £5 and more in my spare time.

NAME M. ..... (Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

J.B. 76. (Send in unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp only required.)

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES CHARLES STREET MANCHESTER 1

SPARE TIME EMPLOYMENT.

Frank words to JOHN BULL readers by Herbert Guyan.

Are you earnestly seeking a spare time job—a pleasant and profitable way of earning extra money all the year round? If so, you are the man or woman to whom this advertisement is directed. I don't care where you look or whatever money-making scheme may attract you, I defy anyone to place before you a finer proposition than mine.

First of all, half the money you take is yours! Isn't that better than working on a low commission basis? But what will appeal to you most is the generous

Cash Bonus of £5

which I am genuinely offering to all who get started NOW. Please understand, every statement in this advertisement has been passed by JOHN BULL, and I am on my honour. All I want is your interest—just a p.c. with your name and address—that's all. By return I will reveal to you how hundreds of others have turned their spare time into cash with phenomenal success.

Think! Here's a New Year dawning—make it a Prosperity Year by writing me NOW! For prompt attention address your p.c. to me personally.

H. GUYAN, Barbican House, 1 and 2, Beech Street, London, E.C.1.

IMPORTANT TO YOU!

Every advertisement on this page is a New Year Message for you. Read them carefully, then reply to the offer which interests you most.

A NEW CLUB — A BETTER CLUB — AN EASIER CLUB

"EIGHTEX" COMPLETE IN 8 WEEKS

HIGH CASH COMMISSION NO LONG DELAYS

4 PRICES ONLY

2/- 4/- 6/- 8/-

Wonderful Bargains in Men's Women's, Children's Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Household Goods, etc. Everyone is delighted at our amazing value. Start earning money now. No risk. No experience required. Send p.c. to-day for beautiful Art Catalogue.

JAMES CLYDE & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 33, Aldergate St., London E.C.1

DRIVER'S CLUB AGENTS Make Most Money!

—because Driver's is the **OLDEST, LARGEST and MOST RELIABLE** Club Organisation in the Country. The Driver 430-page Catalogue is **ABSOLUTELY IRRESISTIBLE** to those who see it. The beautifully coloured illustrations of the wonderful bargains listed—**Furniture, Clothing, Drapery, Bedding, Hardware, Household Goods**—make the Agent's job simplicity itself in securing Club Members. *No club gives higher commission than Driver's; No club offers better articles; No club gives quicker deliveries; No club has had more experience*—that's why DRIVER'S Agents come back year after year to earn a CERTAIN, substantial spare-time income. Write to-day for the **Giant 1936 Catalogue.** It's sent absolutely FREE with all details about how to form a DRIVER Bargain CLUB

SAMUEL DRIVER LTD., Burton Road, Leeds, 11. Also at London, Hull, Sheffield, Bradford, Brighouse, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Send today for GIANT 1936 CATALOGUE It's FREE!

ASTHMA

END THOSE SUDDEN ATTACKS—
BANISH THE COUGHING—

get rid of LUNG POISONS and phlegm which cause the trouble—free yourself from agonising paroxysms with the

DR SINGHA'S
ASTHMA TABLETS

Be ready for the next attack and breathe easily again without DREAD OF SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL CHEMISTS

including Boots, Timothy White's and Taylors, Ltd., etc., at 1/6, 3/-, 5/-, 12/- and 20/- (Children's Tablets 3/- and 8/-), or direct.

20,000 MORE FREE TRIAL SUPPLIES NOW AVAILABLE

A postcard addressed to the Dr. Singha Co., Ltd., Dept. A/10, Caernarvon, G.B., brings you by return a free trial supply of this famous remedy. With each trial packet will be sent a booklet containing extracts from thousands of letters from former sufferers, and in addition a complete treatise, by DR. SINGHA.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

I am more than satisfied with the result of using URACE brand TABLETS in a most difficult case of Rheumatism. Nurse E—— A—— M——. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-

to agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10 UP TO ANY AMOUNT

WINNINGS BY RETURN

OVER THE STICKS

THE SAME GENEROUS TERMS AS FOR THE FLAT

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

FOOTBALL

ODDS UP TO 10,000 to 1

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

include ALL the matches in

SIX LEAGUES

ALL THE CERTS
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

Please send your Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....
J.B.4.1.36

Address .....

Town .....

County .....

DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

RIGHT to DIE

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

For

A SHORT while ago, a young girl, suffering acute torment and terribly scalded as the result of a factory accident, was conveyed to my ward.

I knew from the first examination that the case was beyond all hope, yet I was debarred by law from giving the only possible relief—namely, a painless and peaceful death, and was forced to witness the unfortunate victim suffer days of untold agony.

Such treatment in the case of a domestic animal would result in a prosecution. Surely, then, "euthanasia," apart from being advisable, is a humane necessity?—*"Medical Practitioner," Painswick.*

Equally Sincere

Frankly, I should like to see Lord Moynihan's Bill for voluntary euthanasia pass into law. Although I feel certain I should never take advantage of its provisions, I realise that we are not all cast in the same mould, and that those both for and against are equally sincere in their attitudes.

Why deny incurables and their dear ones the right to end suffering which they feel is a travesty of God's will?

For the sake of the few who could conscientiously avail themselves of the right to choose death, I believe the opposition should place their personal prejudices on one side!—*Kenneth Bernard, Liverpool.*

Vain Plea

Only those who have been forced to watch, helplessly, the daily agonies of a loved one—have heard the pitiful pleadings for an end to it all—can fully realise the refined torture of allowing that pain-racked body to go on living.

No humane person would think of withholding the boon of a painless death from an animal so placed, yet human beings, who have the added mental torture of realising they must go on suffering, as long as medical science can cheat death, must plead for peace in vain.

No "Christian principles" can justify such prolonged cruelty.—*H. B., Surrey.*

Spared Mental Torture

Driven to desperation by the recurring sufferings of an incurable disease, my husband, denied by law the relief of a painless passing, eventually committed suicide.

As a result of the publicity the case received in the ensuing inquest, groundless scandal spread around the district, to such an extent that I was compelled to leave and seek a new home.

Had euthanasia been legal my husband would have been spared agonies of pain and I the mental torture of an inquisition that has left me a nervous wreck.—*M. P., Raynes Park.*

Right is Mine

I cast away useless articles—by destroying them I leave things tidier. So why shouldn't I destroy myself when my body becomes a burden?

People may prate about the sanctity of human life, but I fail to see anything sanctified in something that is a mere shell of a body, or some pitiful thing that is the centre of horrid pain.

I did not ask to be born, so therefore I consider the right to terminate existence is mine.—*Mrs. R., Sheffield.*

Cannot Deny It

From the earliest times man has claimed the right to die for the sake of his fatherland, his home and loved ones. And this forms a part of every soldier's oath: he is willing to die for his King and country.

In another way, men have claimed the right to die in the attempt to conquer, first the sea, then the air. The pioneers have all assumed this right.

In the history of Polar exploration, in the story of discovery, in every high adventure, right up to climbing Everest, man has claimed this right, and nobody can deny it.—*"Master," Wrexham.*

Not for Pleasure

The infinite wisdom of God cannot be probed by human minds. If He says, "Thou shalt not die," who are we to go against the wishes of Him?

Racked by pain, beset by worry, hounded until life becomes a thing of sheer horror, what right have we to deny the wisdom of God? He knows the future and we do not.

Life was given to us, not for our pleasures, but to fill our part in the movement called Life. Our Saviour did not end His own days; must we count ourselves greater than He?—*R. A., Bournemouth.*

Open the Door

Life itself is God's own gift, and He alone has the right to revoke it. There is no such thing as man's prerogative to relinquish life—excusable because of suffering.

Unfathomable though it is, pain is part of His plan, and to terminate it by killing either oneself or someone else is plain suicide or murder, directly violating the most sacred of Commandments.

To delegate to any human being, under any circumstances, the "right" to kill would open the door to the nefarious activities of the worst type of evil-doer, and be more than an affront to the Almighty.—*R. L. W., Exmouth.*

Against

Not Infallible

To answer this question in the affirmative puts a very heavy responsibility upon someone, presumably the doctor, who would, I suppose, be the executioner.

Besides, doctors are not infallible. I know a man who is eighty-five, who was given up by the doctor over twenty years ago, supposedly suffering from cancer. To-day he is quite hale and hearty.

If that doctor had been armed with the power of life and death the old fellow would have been deprived of twenty years of life. And this is not an isolated case. I say emphatically, No.! — *J. H., Salop.*

Serious Menace

As one who at times suffers severe pain from an incurable disease, I know that in the bottom of my heart I shall never desire "the easy death." Rather would I live as long as possible in hope, and when the worst comes, pray courage to endure it.

Were euthanasia made legal many thousands of nervous sufferers like myself could never again trust a medical man, and in thus avoiding doctors would constitute a serious menace to the whole community by the wholesale spreading of disease.—*H. B., Exeter.*

How Dare We?

Miracles of modern medicine have not been discoveries of a moment. Each day, almost, brings forth fruit of long research, fresh cures, disease-alleviating agents.

Life, we are told, has taken millions of years to reach its present level. That being so, how dare we toy with euthanasia when all over the world brilliant brains are working in the great tradition of Lister and Ross to give back, perhaps in the next hour, full health to even the worst sufferer?—*"Dryad," Lancs.*

Danger to All

Visualise the medical profession in its rôle of judge and executioner. Imagine what the sacrifice of that existing confidence between patient and doctor must mean. Germ-ridden human sufferers walking the streets, a danger to all, afraid to visit a doctor lest he pronounce them incurable.

The very fact that the law countenanced the taking of human life would be an incentive to the unscrupulous, and a ready-made excuse for murder.

No, far better to leave matters as they stand.—*H. E., Birmingham.*

Nation of Cowards

The right to die is not a matter for individual choice. Without any religious pretensions, pain is meant to be borne. To give to the individual the right to take his own life is to kill the incentive to medical research work, and the least line of resistance taken.

Had our forefathers possessed the "right to end one's own life," many of our miraculous feats of surgery and established cures of infectious disease would never have been discovered, and we should soon have become a nation of cowards.—*T. R. J., Prescot.*

* * *

Whilst there is life, there is hope. Despite the great progress of medical science, it is still fallible—and until doctors can say, without the shadow of a doubt, "This person can never be cured," they certainly have no right to destroy.—*T. W., Brighton.*

If an animal, however dear to us, is suffering from an incurable disease which is causing it pain, we invariably ask the vet. to end its life. Why not do the same with human sufferers?—*F. J., Flintshire.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, January 7.

Another Thing I'd Like "John Bull" to Do
(See page 7)

Race with "Silver Ring"

Derby Betting

DURING the ten days' break in the National Hunt campaign before Christmas my mail-bag contained a number of enquiries about the winter betting on the Derby.

There are over one hundred and sixty horses left in the classic.

Bala Hissar and Abjer, at 8 to 1, were co-favourites in the last list of published odds. Mahmoud was a 10 to 1 chance, with Monument and Daytona at 14 to 1.

Better than any of those mentioned, I like Midstream and Boswell, on the 16 to 1 mark.

They may not be top-notchers, but they are bred to stay, and the Derby of 1936 does not look as if it will require much winning. It will probably be a "Trigo" year.

There is nothing tempting in the long odds, unless one likes Carioca—at thirty-threes—from the Windsor Lad stable.

Baber Shah and Malplaquet, 40 to 1 chances, and Squadron Castle, at 66 to 1, might appeal to some.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 2, to Wednesday, January 8.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. RKYAS2 would read WAUKOO.

LEG SUFFERERS! LET ME TALK TO YOU

I am Head of the most famous leg Institution in the world, and I want to talk to you. Your leg! It is a trouble and a worry. It hinders your work and your pleasure. The continual pain, itching, aching and irritation is awful, and the daily dressings are a nuisance. I want you to get rid of it all. I am sure you can.

Leg Ulcers, Swellings, painful Varicose Veins or leg Eczema will go on for ever without the right treatment. Don't be a cripple for life. You need something different. Something you have never had before and thorough treatment specially prepared for your individual case by those who understand leg and skin troubles. You may have it for the asking.

Treating a Bad Leg, Eczema or Varicose Veins successfully is a Specialist's job, and a book has been written by Specialists, which tells you how to do it. I have devoted thirty-five years of my life doing nothing else but treating and curing leg complaints. Assisted by my highly skilled Staff I have produced a Book, free to every sufferer, and this Book tells you how leg troubles really can be cured. Send for it to-day.

The Book tells of the unrivalled Tremol Method of Treatment which has cured thousands of all kinds of leg and skin complaints, and can cure you. Large numbers of sufferers who have read the Book are curing themselves at home at this very moment. Under this powerful Treatment leg wounds and ulcers soundly heal with new skin, and all pain is banished. Eczema is overcome and vanishes. Skin troubles die away. Varicose Vein symptoms subside. Inflammation, pain, burning, itching and swelling become things of the past. You can know all about this if you send for my Book. It is free to you.

BAD LEGS AND SKIN DISEASES ENDED.

Essential Blood Treatment & Vital External Methods

What is this Treatment? It is a treatment which is different from other treatments or remedies you have tried. It is a thorough treatment which incorporates and deals with all the various factors necessary to proper and successful Treatment of your trouble. Powerful blood treatment essential to you is combined with excellent external treatment and methods, which bring splendid results and are the developments of a lifetime's practical and specialised experience.

Blood treatment specially prescribed and compounded for you, and incorporated in the Tremol System, expels impurities, promotes good circulation, relieves congestion, kills pain and restores health to every diseased tissue. Every nerve, every vein, every gland and cell

tissue gains new health and strength. Your leg is healed, your skin made sound and well. The veins are toned up and the leg strengthened, the congestion is relieved, the blood circulation improves, inflammation, skin troubles, swelling, aching, and pain just vanish away.

The Treatment's Power in Leg and Skin Trouble

LEG ULCERS AND THEIR CURE

A leg ulcer is not a trifling matter to be neglected or treated casually in some haphazard manner. The ulcer shows unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested blood stream and tissues, all of which prevent healing taking place. One preparation, or stock remedies, are useless. Thorough treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation and disperse the congestion is what you need.

Leg ulcers are chronic. A sore on your arm or hand may easily heal. Not so when it is on your leg. A leg ulcer, however small, is a sign of internal blood pressure in the leg. Under this pressure the veins have given way and the ulcer has formed. This pressure will continue—the ulcer will not heal—the surrounding veins will keep on breaking down and the ulcer become larger and larger unless you adopt a thorough, efficient and correct system of treatment for your case. What you are doing at present—(your present dressings)—is probably doing no good. Why keep on with them—continuing to suffer perhaps with exposed nerves in the wound quivering with pain?

The Tremol System is the rock on which you can save yourself from perhaps years or a lifetime of suffering. It is thorough, efficient and correct Treatment for that leg wound, prescribed by leg Specialists who know and understand how these cases are soundly healed. Treatment for you which is different from anything you have had before.

Fill in the coupon and get the book and full particulars of the Treatment.

Varicose Leg Eczema

is a closely allied condition to leg ulcers. Very often the two arise from the same causes. Varicose Eczema is successfully treated, and the symptoms of weeping, scaliness, soreness, itching, inflammation and congestion banished. A healthy skin and a sound leg is your reward.

The book which I have written tells you about these troubles of LEG ULCERS and ECZEMA and how LEG ULCERS and ECZEMA are treated and cured. It is very valuable to you. A copy should be in your hands without fail if you are a sufferer. You can get this unique book without charge.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM SKIN TROUBLE

such as Psoriasis, you must attack the trouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Those white thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years. A splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are, indeed, most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.

This powerful treatment, specially prescribed for you, clears the scalp of unsightly scale and scurf and pimples; clears the skin of scale and redness. The Psoriasis spots and patches fade away and a new, clean, healthy skin is obtained. The treatment is easy to use, and is applied in the privacy of your own home. Send for full particulars of this excellent treatment without delay.

Eczema and its Treatment

Eczema is the most common disease of the skin. Blood impurities, germ infection, food poisoning, poor blood circulation, long standing varicose veins are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease.

A typical type of Eczema is as follows. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. In other cases very little weeping takes place. The skin is red, dry, scaly and frequently terribly itchy. In another quite different variety the trouble occurs as small red pimples or pustules, sometimes with small mattery heads. Itching is a well marked feature in most cases of Eczema. You feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief, but at what a terrible cost.

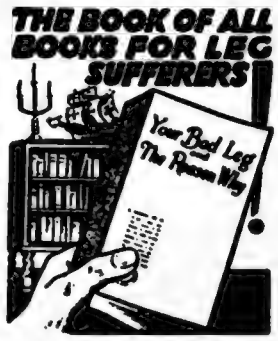
You can be rid of all the distressing symptoms, the itching, the redness, inflammation, weeping, scaliness and pimples. Your relief is here at hand. Send for the book and know how general Eczema and varicose leg Eczema are cured.

AN INTERESTING BOOK WHICH CAN HELP YOU. FREE to all sufferers.

This medical book on leg and skin troubles, written by leg and skin experts, fills the long felt want of a useful book on these matters which all can understand. You learn why you have a bad leg and how skin diseases arise, and about ways of treatment of vital interest to you. The book contains informative reading on many details and aspects of the subjects with which it deals, and you will find it of great interest and service. In it is explained how to get our advice, how to obtain the Tremol Treatment, how the Treatment is applied, how it is carried out at home and how you can be cured. Here is a practical and valuable book which should be in the hands of all who suffer with their legs or skin.

VARICOSE VEINS AND PAINFUL LEGS

To sufferers from Varicose Veins TREMOL is a valuable Treatment which will often be the means of preventing serious future leg trouble. Varicose Vein symptoms of aching, heaviness, discomfort or pain in the legs are overcome. The circulation is improved, the congestion of blood in the veins and small blood vessels is reduced. The legs are strengthened and the vein walls toned up. The efficient Tremol Methods based on sound constitutional lines, of combined vital external and internal treatment, free and purify the sluggish semi-stagnated blood as nothing else can do. The blood circulation becomes a pure, well nourished, properly flowing stream through the veins and capillary blood vessels. It is wonderful how the pain, swelling, aching or inflammation goes, and the leg becomes strong and healthy. The later formation of ulcers, the development of varicose eczema or a thrombus is prevented in hundreds of cases. Unwise or risky methods on the other hand will frequently bring on these developments. The book is needed by Varicose Vein sufferers. It contains much of great importance and interest to you. You must get it now and learn about your Varicose Veins and how your Varicose Veins should be treated.



Fill in the coupon and post it to:—
THE NATIONAL COLLEGE OF HEALTH, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, MANCHESTER 7.

FREE BOOK COUPON
The NATIONAL COLLEGE of HEALTH,
Ward B.L., Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, MANCHESTER

Please send your valuable medical book and full particulars of the Treatment free of charge.

Name .....

Address .....

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STATE COMPLAINT .....

National College of Health, Ltd.

MORE FINE PRIZES FOR "JOHN BULL'S" APT-WORDS

£500 FIRST PRIZE

£750 MUST BE WON

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

SECOND PRIZE £50

THIRD PRIZE £25

20 PRIZES OF £3

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

3,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

ONE WEEK ONLY

HOW TO WIN IN "APT-WORDS"

WITH the beginning of the New Year comes your opportunity to launch a determined attack on the bumper list of prizes offered in this week's great *Apt-words* Contest. The splendid total of £750 in cash awaits successful entrants in this fascinating Competition.

For the sender of the best of all *Apt-words* received, a fortune of £500 is waiting at Long Acre. And there is no reason why you, by the simple process of building one word and adding two others of apt and original comment, should not receive that golden Joy Wire which will greet the winner of this splendid First Prize.

But time is the essence of the contract. To qualify for this fine First or any other of the attractive prizes, your entry must reach Long Acre not later than Saturday, January 11.

Look at the varied styles of the *Apt-words* which have scored successes in the result printed on this page. Note the neatness and simplicity of the phrasing which appealed to the experienced judges. Then study the simple directions and specimens given below, after which you can turn to the *Example* squares and get busy on your own winning *Apt-words*.

Remember the magnificent list of awards, 3,623 in all, put your best foot (and your best *Apt-words*) forward and you will be well on the road to our prize-list.

BUILD AN "EXAMPLE"—ADD TWO WORDS

FIRST take any of the *Example* spaces provided and build a word on which to base your Two Word comment. Consider carefully the possibilities of each line of squares, then choose those *Examples* which offer you the best scope for your efforts.

Now jot down against each of your selections the various ideas which they suggest to you. Then set about making your finished *Apt-words*, bearing in mind that your comments are limited to Two Words only.

An important point to bear in mind is that the initial letters of the Two Words forming your *Apt-word* must be letters found in the *Example* on which it is built. It is immaterial in which order these letters appear, but your Two Words must not begin with the same letter—unless it figures twice in the *Example*. Hyphened words in common usage permitted. Coined words barred.

Here are three specimen *Apt-words* based on the word FAME as *Example*.

Fame—Furore—Exit!

Fame—Five Alike.

Fame—Advertising "Manufacturers"

Go ahead now with your *Apt-words* for this £750 offer, and, others may soon be studying a First Prize effort made by you.

F	A		E					
		D	D	L	E	S		
	A	S	T	E				
D	O	U	B		E	D		
		P	E					
	A	R		E	R			
S		O	T					
	R	E	A					
M	A		E					
	I	N	N	E	R	S		

FREE HELP WITH YOUR "APT-WORDS."

FREE AID in winning *Apt-words* prizes is to be found in the *Apt-words Gazette* which is posted each Wednesday to applicants who apply on Coupon which appears in the *Bullets* announcement on page 35.

ENTRY FEE

1 COUPON .....P.O. 6d.
2 COUPONS .....P.O. 1s. 0d.
3 COUPONS .....P.O. 1s. 6d.
4 COUPONS .....P.O. 2s. 0d.

Postal Order must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of Postal Order.

ADDRESS ENTRY to
JOHN BULL "Apt-Words" No. 7,
57, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.
(Comp.)

RESULT OF "APT-WORDS" COMPETITION No. 4

FIRST PRIZE, £1,500.
J. GREENBANK, 41, Gulton Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk.
"Example"—Clashed
"Apt-word"—Horoscope—Stethoscope.

SECOND PRIZE £150

F. W. WHEELER, 18, Somerset Avenue, Lancaster.
"Example"—Pained
"Apt-word"—Aladdin, Electricity!

THIRD PRIZE, £100

L. L. STEWART, 10, Ravenscroft Road, Birkenhead, Ches.
"Example"—Wealth
"Apt-word"—Acquiring "Worries."

FOURTH PRIZE, £25

A. G. CONDE, 97, Stapleton Hall Road, London, N.
"Example"—Grave
"Apt-word"—Entombs—"Releases."

20 PRIZES OF £5 EACH

L. AVANN, 3, Honeys Green Lane, Liverpool.
Slashed—Story, Scenario.

H. C. BAMFORD, 12, Alder Avenue, Chinley, Stockport.
Panted—*New* Errand-boy.

A. BEE, Beckingham, Doncaster.
Moke—Moved—Ears!

C. S. BOYACK, Lane End, Portinscale, Keswick, Cumberland.
Police—*Ire* "Extinguishers."

A. CHAPMAN, 12, Highgate Avenue, London, N.6.
Wealth—Legal "*Tender*."

J. H. COLE, 48, Yarmouth Road, Lowestoft.
Bore—Ready *Bachoner*.

T. F. COOIL, 11, Strathmore Road, Newsham Park, Liverpool.
Grabs—*Raider*, "Brick."

H. HACK, 251, Queen's Road, Dalston, E.
Crashed—"Crooked" Road.

J. N. HEAP, 12, Elm Street, Burnley, Lancs.
Spade—Earth's "Powder-puff."

H. JAMES, 4, Percy Street, Shrewsbury.
Aiding—Industry. "Industry."

Miss M. KENDALL, 37, Union Terrace, York.
Crashed—"Castle"? Rebuild!

S. J. KENNEDY, 16, Crantock Terrace, Devonport.
Hope—Overcrowds Poorhouse.

E. LIVERSIDGE, 35, Windermere Road, Barnsley, Yorks.
Hole—Loafer's "Headquarters."

Mrs. LOVETT, 24, Gladstone Place, Lewes Road, Brighton.
Policy—Comfortable Pews.

H. MARSHALL, 9, Cholmondeley Avenue, Harlesden, N.W.
Parted—"Pudding-head"—"Dough."

Mrs. H. RUBENS, 8, Tewkesbury Buildings, Whitechapel, E.
Smashed—Sticks "Hammered."

Mrs. SAALMANS, 12, Meldrum Road, Liverpool.
Crashed—Comfortably, Rascality.

H. W. SHANE, 8, Stoneycroft Crescent, Liverpool.
Dole—Lilliputian "Enormity."

J. TODD, 169a, Green Street, London, E.
Laugh—Hard *Lack*.

F. W. WALDIE, 3, Cheddington Road, Edmonton, N.
Grave—Atheist's "Eternity."

A List of 500 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD

APT-WORDS No. 7 CLOSING SAT., JANUARY 11.
I agree to all rules of this competition announced on "Bullets" page and enclose
P.O. No.....
Signed .....
Address.....
J.B.....

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I agree to all rules of this competition announced on "Bullets" page and enclose
P.O. No.....
Signed .....
Address.....
J.B.....

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

A. C. (Cromer).—"If the horse you have backed seems to be winning, I suppose you always watch it very intently." Unless of course we are watching the bookmaker.

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

THE KID

PLAYWRIGHT (Chelsea).—My play's too long for the stage. What do you advise?" A longer stage.

P. R. (Cobham).—"Once father bought some dud crackers. Not one of them went off." We presume he did.

M. K. (Goole).—"There is a skeleton in our cupboard." Great Scott! Haven't you finished the turkey yet?

CURIOUS (Keighley).—"One telephone-wire only carries one conversation, doesn't it?" Not the one we usually talk on.

R. E. L. (Salisbury).—"I was afraid to accept a good offer the other day, for if I leave here my rheumatism might return." It prevented you moving then.

CINEMA USHERETTE (Hertford).—"I enjoy my work." Go about your job with a beam, of course.

NOT A HIGHBROW (Halifax).—"How many men regularly listen to lectures?" Well, how many married men are there?

B. H. (St. Kilda).—"For years I have been most anxious to take up folk dancing." On your toes, so to speak.

W. A. (Hampstead).—"Men can stand drinks anywhere." Which accounts for the marks that wives find on the furniture.

O. N. (St. Helens).—"It takes a strong wind to blow the powder from girls' faces these days." But only a tiny puff to put it on.

N. H (Romford).—"The tonic the doctor gave me is very dependable as a pick-me-up." You find it never lets you down.

D. R. (St. Agnes).—"A bandmaster I know gets in an awful rage if anyone is late for practice." He's a stickler for time.

G. H. B. (Luton).—"What do you think of my wife's idea of having every bit of woodwork in the house painted white?" Quite a bright one.

BILL (Liverpool).—"If rubber pitches come into use they may make footballers swelled-headed." The players will certainly have more bounce.

STUDENT (Guy's).—"The problem was so much on my mind that I couldn't sleep, but just as day broke I solved it." The solution dawned upon you.

ELSIE (Hanley).—"I was terribly upset. What do you think I found in my stocking on Christmas morning?" Evidently a ladder.

TOM H. (Newcastle).—"To please my wife I was going to whitewash the ceiling of the kitchen, but when I got ready to make a start the brush couldn't be found." Where had you hidden it?

TAILOR (Manchester).—"A Frenchman has just had a suit made which has ninety-six buttons." We should think when he's fastened them all he'll be quite done up!

KNITTER (Hastings).—"Can you imagine worse tangle than a ball of wool in the paws of a playful kitten?" A dish of spaghetti in the hands of an inexperienced diner.

SKATE MANUFACTURER (Bristol).—"As my business appears to be prospering without my presence I rarely bother to go to the office." You just let things slide?

HUBBY (Catterick).—"My wife is very even-tempered. Even when I forget to post her letters she just smiles and carries on with her job." Whilst most wives carry on only.

OUTFITTER (Regent Street).—"My complaint is that men this winter are refusing to pay more than 6s. for slippers." His new trend, of course, is generally felt.

JILL (Ipswich).—"He was very shy, but at last he proposed to me one evening when we were sitting in the summer-house." You very successfully led him up the garden?

HENPECK (Norwich).—"I started a club for married men only, but it had to close down for lack of support." But it was obvious from the first you wouldn't have a single member.

B. A. (Birmingham).—"The habit of throwing a lighted match on the ground is a menace to the grandstands on our football grounds." Yes, it should be stamped out.

HISTRIONIC (Wentworth).—"In the last show our dramatic society put on I had to play the parts of a woodcutter and a cake." No doubt this involved a lot of chopping and changing about.

DETECTIVE (London).—"After paying three visits to the greyhound races I failed to find my man." You were on the wrong track, evidently.

T. R. (Edinburgh).—"Milk-boys, paper-boys and errand-boys generally think precious little of tenement flats." And they don't care who hears them running down the stairs!

B. R. (Bedford).—"There were two threepenny-bits missing when our Christmas pudding was finished, and I'm afraid I may have swallowed them." You shouldn't let little things like that worry you.

R. T. S. (Penzance).—"What makes fishermen look down so much?" Fish.

OBSERVANT (Northwich).—"Little things point out a newly married woman." Confetti, of course.

MRS. V. (Westbury).—"What is worse than to see grey hairs appearing on a man's head?" Seeing them disappear.

COSTER (London, E.).—"My one wish now is to own my own greengrocer's barrow." We trust it will bear fruit.

PUBLICAN (Mile End).—"There is an opening for a new hot winter's drink." We know, just above the chin.

SWEET (Honiton).—"I think that any confectionery containing peppermint is much overrated." It's all humbug, in fact.

SCIENTIST (Birmingham).—"Do you know of a substitute for petrol?" Yes, shoe leather.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY (Ewell).—"I earn fifteen shillings a week, but I don't complain." It isn't much to complain about.

GEORGE (Kilmarnock).—"When does a man like his wife to start her Christmas cleaning?" Next year.

S. J. S. (Lymington).—"A bank clerk's chances of promotion depend a lot upon how he dresses." In other words—being smart.

Miss E. (Kettering).—"How much would a slimming expert be likely to take off me in a fortnight?" A fiver at least, we should imagine.

H. E. (Scunthorpe).—"My wife will have rugs, which I really can't afford, under the table for visitors to put their feet on." Leaving you to foot the bill.

CLUBMAN (West End).—"It may sound strange, but I always get a sensation of flying when smoking a cigar." Amongst the clouds, so to speak.

D. A. (Cromer).—"In my opinion, bull-fighting is far too much of a gamble." With the bull always too eager to toss for it!

MAC. (Aberdeen).—"I have not heard from my brother in Australia for nearly fifteen years." Perhaps it's not his turn to write?

FOOTBALLER (Lewisham).—"I would rather see my favourite team play scientifically and lose, than see them win by brute force." Things have come to a pretty pass.

AMATEUR DETECTIVE (Largs).—"What would the police do if your answer to their first question concerning your movements on a certain night didn't satisfy them?" Ask us another!

SPORTSMAN (Wembley).—"Name me anyone more likely to keep hammering away than an athletic man who has a record to beat." A married man who has a carpet to beat.

ERRAND BOY (Bromley).—"My trolley was loaded with Christmas shopping, but I must confess I made a lot more fuss than was necessary when the wheel came off." You put it on then.

R. L. T. (Exeter).—"What does Leap Year really mean?" Well, for the chief winner in our enormous £1,936 *Bullets* Offer on page 35 it is going to mean a jump to a £1,000 fortune.

DENTIST (Leeds).—"During my early struggles things were not made any easier by my failure to fit a wealthy patient with artificial dentures." In fact, it was decidedly another set back.

D. F. (Cardiff).—"With the arrival of the electric cigarette-lighter for pocket use which I have invented ordinary smokers' matches will go out." Ours do that, anyway.

PLUMBER (Watford).—"An old geyser in the bathroom is a positive menace." Especially when he remains in possession for the best part of an hour and warbles popular melodies of his youth during his ablutions.

MOTORIST (Hull).—"Because my wife was nagging me and I had just told her that I would have no more of it, I forgot that I was in a built-up area, with the result that I was heavily fined." You put your foot down in the wrong place.

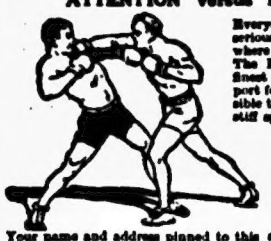
(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Siss-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

A Fight Against Rupture

ATTENTION versus NEGLECT.



Everyone should realise the seriousness of Rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for Rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries.

Your name and address pinned to this advertisement will bring complete details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(320C), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(320C), Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

Accept this FREE OFFER of a TRIAL BOTTLE of WINCARNIS!

If you are run down or suffer from nerves, if you lack appetite, pep and zest for life, fill in your name and address in the coupon on the Front Cover, and enclose 4½d. in stamps to cover postage, etc. A generous sample bottle of Wincarnis will be sent to you, FREE!

TURN to the FRONT COVER NOW!

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES

AGE LIMITS 15—26; EITHER SEX
COMMENCING PAY 15/- to £7 14s. PER WEEK
NO EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

FREE GUIDE

The 1936 Edition of our Civil Service Handbook is now ready for distribution. Those desiring details of Openings, Age Limits, Pay, Promotion and Entrance Examinations for all branches of the Service are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately.

B.T.I. (Dept. 78),
356, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

PETER DAWSON
The Famous Baritone

writes: "Being unusually run down and nervy I was induced by a friend to try a course of VITADATIO, from which I derived great benefit. There is no doubt that your medicine is a tonic *par excellence*. It has done me an immense amount of good, and I can honestly recommend it."

If you are a sufferer—get a bottle to-day.

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK of TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors Ltd., Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra. Special 21/- Bottles for Export only, post free from VITADATIO No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS

GIVE YOUR HOME A "BERKELEY SUPERLAX"

A Full-size Easy Chair

that adjusts itself! For 10/- down.

Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on page 23. The Superlax Model illustrated can be obtained for monthly payments of only 10/-. Free delivery in England, Wales and Scotland.

Send for Free Catalogue, Patterns, etc.

Fill in the Coupon on page 23 for free illustrated Catalogue of all Berkeley Upholstery together with patterns, coverings, etc. Turn to the offer NOW!

NEW YEAR BELLS *brought him the* FIRST PRIZE TELEGRAM

He plodded for years—now he's headed the "Bullets" prize-list

YES, even sunny Blackpool can have a blizzard! I know, writes a JOHN BULL representative, because I saw the tail end of it as I arrived there the other morning and made my way to No. 65, Woodstock Gardens.

After an all-night journey from Long Acre it was good to be welcomed into a cosy house. And, as I warmed myself beside a cheery fire, I conveyed JOHN BULL'S congratulations to Mr. F. Barnett, the retired Civil Servant who had just received the First Prize telegram in our 1,009th *Bullets* Competition.

* * *

Wind and weather outside were speedily forgotten as this keen "Bulleteer" told me how for years he has plodded along the road towards a First Prize place in the *Bullets* sun—and how it feels suddenly to be overwhelmed by winning a £1,000 fortune, £25 Christmas Cheque for the next five years and a Millionaire's Radio Gramophone.

Soon Mr. Barnett was recalling how he came to make up his timely and thoughtful *Bullet*, GOOD-BYE, 1935—MAY BELLS SILENCE "CLASHES"!

"I am in the habit of selecting one single *Example* from the list and concentrating on that in particular," he mentioned.

("I had in mind the *Example* GOOD-BYE, 1935, but nothing came of the first idea I worked upon. But later, as I was walking with a friend to a party, we came to Talbot Square, in Blackpool, where the people here gather to see the Old Year out.

"Then my thoughts began to run on other lines. There is a church in the square and, thinking of those midnight celebrations, it occurred to me that the paradox of the bells 'clashing' peacefully might lead me to a prize *Bullet*—and it did."

* * *

Look back now at the few words which have brought this huge 3-in-1 prize to a competitor who kept on the alert for ideas for prize *Bullets*.

You have often heard those New Year bells clashing out their message. And you could just as well have made that neat comment upon them which has brought the famous *Bullets* telegram to Mr. Barnett.

Why, then, should you not make up a *Bullet* worthy of the huge £1,000 prize which heads our first great 1936 one-week offer on the opposite page? Get busy on the *Examples* this evening and be the next competitor to win a Giant First!

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 1,009

First Prize: £1,000 plus £25 Xmas Cheque Yearly till 1940 and Millionaire's Radiogram:

F. BARNETT, 65, Woodstock Gardens, Blackpool

Example: GOOD-BYE, 1935

Bullet: MAY BELLS SILENCE "CLASHES"!

SECOND PRIZE, £200:

C. V. EVANS, 493, Northolt Road, South Harrow.
Example: Lightning Success
Bullet: Sometimes "Splits" Contentment's "Heaven."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £100:

Mrs. A. E. J. PHILLIPS, 22, Etsome Terrace, Somerton, Somerset.
Example: In Modern Warfare
Bullet: Enemy Invisible—Victory Indistinguishable!

FOURTH PRIZE, £50:

J. V. B. S. HUNTER, 4, Lulworth Road, Mottingham, S.E.
Example: Tap! Tap! Tap!
Bullet: *Thunders* "Make Mines Safe!"

OTHER PRIZES:

£40: A. WILSON, 33, Smith Street, Glasgow.
In Work—"Redness" Went, Then Pallor.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£30: W. H. MARKHAM, 49, Chamberlain Road, Lower Edmonton, N.
Tap! Tap! Tap!—Opportunity Mocks My Crutches.

£25: T. W. PARRY, 70, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Rhondda, Glam.
Farmer Baldwin—*Help* Kiddies "Climb Tree"!

£20: J. HOOD, 4, Hantington Road, Stockton-on-Tees.
Standing Together—"Begging"—Ex-soldier, War Memorial.

£19 10s.: C. LOFTS, "Morwyna," Cowley Road, Felixstowe.
Industry's Car—Must Mend "Man Underneath."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£19: Mrs. E. BENNETT, Pullens Green, Thornbury, Glos.
In Modern Warfare—*Buttons* "Cleaning Up" *Troops*.

£18 10s.: Mrs. M. HERRING, 134, Cambridge Road, Southport.
Standing Idle—Common Sight—"Commons" Sightless.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£18: Miss P. V. TURNER, 2, Sea View Square, Herne Bay.
Back Again—Mountains Throw Mussolini's Words.

£17 10s.: W. DUNKERLEY, 11, Beresford Street, Oldham
Our Children—"Sharp" Enough—"Cut" Homework!

£17: W. C MARSH, Utopia, Preston, Wingham, Canterbury, Kent.
Underpaid—There's A "Girl Waiting."

£16 10s.: R. D. SUTTERBY, Smeeth Road, Wisbech, Cambs.
Tactless—Armaments Race—Maternity Grant!

£16: W. HITCHEN, Church Lane, Bramley, Rotherham.
Our Children—No Longer—Much Taller.

£15 10s.: J. BYRNE, "Marie Rose," 8, Angel Hill, Sutton, Surrey.
Sonny's Success—Overshadowed By Doctor's "Examination."

£15: T. J. ROBINSON King's Head, Lea Bridge Road, Clapton, E.
Tap! Tap! Tap!—That's Blackmailer "Keeping Quiet.'

£14 10s.: P GORMLEY, 39, Argyle Street, Londonderry.
Industry's Car—Overhaul, Then Over "Hill."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£14: D. H. WILKINSON, 2, Drayton Road, West Ealing, W.
Winter — When "Old-fashioned," *Upsets* Grandpa.

£13 10s.: W. J. HILL, 9, Waters Street, Britton Ferry.
Standing Idle—Furnaces—Workers' "Brass" Melting.

£13: W. LLOYD MATTHEWS, 32, St. Lawrence Lane, Ashburton, Devon.
Madness—"International Game" Entering Sport.

£12 10s.: A. BAKER, 1, Shaftesbury Place, Totnes.
With Her Love—"Referee" Sends Me Off!

£12: Mrs. H B. BROWNE, "Dompierre," Gower Road, Swansea.
Back Again—Prodigal—*Village* "Turned Out."

£11 10s.: L. M. FLEWIN, 80, Highfield Avenue, Golders Green, N.W.
Our Children—Enjoy Holiday—Play Schools!

£11: W. BISH, 24, Church Road, Ashington, Pulborough.
Hard To Tell—When Village Taxi's Punctured.

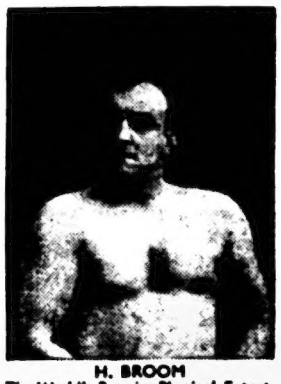
£10 10s.: C. PESTELL, 5, The Rise, Crayford.
In The Waste-paper Basket—Even, Miss Expects Tidiness!

£10: A. H. SLATER, 62, Wolfa Street, Derby.
Unbelievable—Sonny Thinks George Washington.

A list of winners of £9 10s.; £9; £8 10s.; £8; £7 10s.; £7; £6 10s.; £6; £5 10s.; £5; £4 17s. 6d.; £4 15s.; £4 12s. 6d.; £4 10s.; £4 7s. 6d.; £4 5s.; £4 2s. 6d.; £4; £3 17s. 6d.; £3 15s.; £3 12s. 6d.; £3 10s.; £3 7s. 6d.; £3 5s.; £3 2s. 6d.; £3; £2 17s. 6d.; £2 15s.; £2 12s. 6d.; £2 10s.; £2 7s. 6d.; £2 5s.; £2 2s. 6d.; £2; £1 19s.; £1 18s.; £1 17s.; £1 16s.; £1 15s.; £1 14s.; £1 13s.; £1 12s.; £1 11s.; £1 10s.; £1 9s.; £1 8s.; £1 7s.; £1 6s.; £1 5s.; £1 4s.; £1 3s.; £1 2s.; 120 of £1; and 500 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at the offices of JOHN BULL.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE



H. BROOM
The World's Premier Physical Expert.

The Most Successful Course of All Time

Never in Physical Culture History have Results been Known to Equal These

FATHERS! You want that lad of yours to be a better man than his Father? I do, and If the "International Course" had done nothing else it would have repaid me in the Physique of my son . . . born under air raid conditions, to-day he is stronger at 17 than most men. Give your lad a chance to help himself, equip him with Health, Vigour, Determination and above all, Mental Control, apart from giving him qualities which will enable him to hold his own in LIFE'S Battles, you are teaching him to develop those factors so necessary in his business life . . .

ERIC BROOM
at 15

HERE ARE A FEW TESTIMONIALS TAKEN AT RANDOM FROM THOUSANDS:—

J. H. PEACH: Have increased all round with 6 lb. increase in weight.
G. Brown, Rotherham: I have gained 8 in. extra.
H. Carrington: I wish to say that your course is doing me more good than all others I have tried. My weight has jumped up by 6 lb. and I am better than I have ever experienced.
J. Shackle, Keighley: It is really marvellous. My weight has increased 10 lb. and my measurements are increasing all round.
J. Farrely, Margate: Increases 8 lb. in weight and 12 in. in muscular development.
J. T. Carrick: Increases 10 in. and 8 lb. in weight.
L. D. O. Lee Gledhill, Halifax: Increases 12 lb. in weight.
S. Oliver, Lincoln: Gains 1½ in. chest, 1 in. on each bicep and 100 per cent. improvement.
R. G. Steadman, Anfield: Gained 1 st. 6 lb. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. bicep, 2 in. thigh and 3 in. calves.
L. Rees, Nottingham: Gained 2 st., 3 in. each bicep, 6 in. chest, 1½ in. neck, 2 in. forearm.
R. Harvey, Birmingham: Increases in 21 days, 11 lb., biceps 1½ in., etc., etc.
W. H. Spencer, Chesterfield: Gained 4 lb. in weight, 2½ in. chest, 1 in. each bicep.
R. McNeil, North Kensington: I have not only gained huge measurements but robust health. Gained 7 lbs. in weight, 3½ in. chest, 1 in. neck, 2 in. each bicep, 1½ in. forearm.
L. D. Smith, Plaistow: I have spent over £30 and tried most courses, but I have got ten times the results with you for 30/-.
C. W. Turner, Consett: In the past month I have put on another 1 in. on biceps and chest, 1½ in. on forearms. What the results will be like after six months of this course I can only guess.
F. A. Stratman, London: I am getting excellent results. Have developed 1 st. in weight.
L. C. O. Weir, Bedford: I have gained 15 lb. in weight. My club mates tell me that I have put on more in three months with you than they in three years with other courses.
R. Penn: Increases 1 st. and ½ lb. and other measurements.
F. A. James, Parkstone: Gained 7 lb. in weight, chest, neck, and forearm and wrist increases 7 in.
Gordon G. Long, Sittingbourne: Increases in three weeks, 11 lb. in weight, chest 3 in., biceps 1½ in. forearm 1½ in.

THE advertisements I have published recently have staggered the P.C. World. Time after time I have obtained results on the International Course which have never before been expected from a Course either in facts or figures.

Facts and figures, even in tabulated form, can be very boring, but in the undermentioned cases they are definitely startling; they must pull you up short and compel you to glance at them again with interest. The following, for example, tells a dramatic and sensational story . . . .

FACTS AND FIGURES

I first proved the International Course on myself and added 3 st. to my own bodyweight, which had stood still for 20 years and 20 in. in development in one year.

I again proved the Course on my son Eric, who, at 17, is stronger than most men and winner of 15 medals.

My pupil, N. Bourne, defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years . . . . and receives the Broom Silver Cup. I showed four cases where the International Course had saved life—not my words, but thankful fathers, doctors and Press reports, etc. . . . not luck, but results.

I gave figures in the shape of Accountants' certificates and a batch of 20,874 testimonials have been certified by the Editor of "H. & S." and Accountants. I have been compelled to set up a room specially for the filing of testimonials.

This course also has the praise of its competitors. Mr. Ed. Aston gave me a wonderful testimonial, which I have published.

85 per cent. of the pupils report satisfied after the first lesson alone, and the Course is the only one in the world WITH A REAL GUARANTEE (WRITTEN). Also my After-Sales Free Service is the LAST WORD in making the failure of the Course impossible.

READ WHAT THESE JOURNALS SAY:

The Editor of "Health and Strength" says: "Such proof of a Physical Culture Course has never before been seen at these Offices and we take the opportunity of publicly stating this fact. Some of the letters are really amazing—one pupil reports a gain of 40 in., etc. Congratulations, Mr. Broom."

Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says: "That is surely the greatest work of to-day—the regeneration of youth—and Mr. Broom is to be congratulated on the amazing results he has secured for physical culture in general and his International Course in particular."

Editor of "Superman" says: "Every day large numbers of testimonials are being received at Broom Hall. Mr. Broom is at a loss to know how to inform readers of the wonderful results he is achieving."

Editor of "Boxing" says: "That Mr. Broom's claims are by no means exaggerated is proved to the hilt by the fact that he has 5,697 testimonials, every one of which is vouched for by a Chartered Accountant's Certificate. There can be no better guarantee of the genuineness of the Course than this."

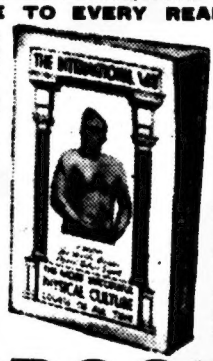
In spite of all the above I have not yet started to give Readers proof.

See this Marvellous Result of Training on the **INTERNATIONAL COURSE.**

FREE TO EVERY READER!

I have published an instructional book entitled, "The International Way." This book is remarkable because it covers so much ground. It shows how 20,000 pupils have been able to increase beyond their wildest dreams; how Norman Bourne defied the century-old bogy and lifted the famous Blue Stone for the first time in 100 years. It tells how over 700 doctors and 27 police forces have used physical culture to their own benefit; how physical culture has saved eight lives.

It gives for the first time the remarkable career of the author from obscurity to World-Wide Fame, and as you go through the pages you will be thrilled with the results of physical culture in a modern sense.



What others have got does not benefit you, but you are clearly shown how you can get exactly the same results and the same benefits; nothing is hidden.

Also, the full 32 pages from cover to cover are packed with photographic studies such as the Physical Culture World has never before seen; new poses of novices turned into stars; new and unpublished photographs of myself, Eric Broom's wonderful physique, and so on until you get to the last page you are full of new inspirations, new ambitions, and above all, they are realisable.

The Book is free, but cost me a lot of money, and when this first Edition is exhausted you may be disappointed. So write for your FREE copy TO-DAY.

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE

consists of six monthly lessons. Now apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser; a new Neck Exerciser . . . All Steel Expander and a Rubber Weight Outfit.

The Course really does give both in development . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health, and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 20 inches all round. Not Bulkers or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test . . . It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting. . . . This course includes everything you require to build built in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee. . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

Special Offer, 30/- or 1/- Weekly

85% of all pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

Write for "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." It's the Turning Point in Your Career.

H. BROOM,
BROOM HALL,
HOLDERNESS RD., HULL

The World's Leading P.C. Expert by Results.

To H. BROOM, Esq., Holderness Road, Hull.
Please send me a copy of your book "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY" and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE, without obligation.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Please write in Block Letters. *Bradleys* J.B.

OVER £1936
ENORMOUS NEW YEAR FIRST PRIZE FOR A "BULLET"
£1,000
HUGE BONUS AWARD OF £500
BULLETS' CASH for FIRST GIANT ONE-WEEK OFFER of 1936!
2,000 RED SEAL "TARGETS"
3,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

"BULLETS" NEW YEAR CAMPAIGN OPENS WITH OVER £1,936 CASH!

SETTLING into their stride for another record year, *Bullets* prize-lists are already leaving behind all others in literary Competitions of to-day. Before you on this page is a Giant One-week Offer and cash just exceeding the appropriate total of £1,936 is awaiting distribution.

Heading the long list of 10,046 prizes, all of which must be won within the next few days, you find £1,000 as the enormous First Prize for a few well-chosen words. Notice particularly that simply by helping a friend, at a cost of only two 1½d. stamps, you can add a share of the £500 Bonus announced above to any prize of £1 or over which you secure in this Contest.

Your £500 Bonus Coupon appears below and if you are not already registered to receive a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin* you are permitted to nominate yourself as a new reader of JOHN BULL's free guide to success and so become equally eligible, if a winner of £1 or more, to share in that extra £500.

THIS WAY TO SUCCESS

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, remember that there is practically no limit to your choice of subjects on which to comment. You can make your efforts, which must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, serious or amusing, base them on world affairs or homely themes, just as your mood decides. All *Bullets* of all types will be considered on merit alone and the prizes awarded accordingly.

Suppose, for instance, you had selected to work on the *Example* REDUCED TO TEARS, an instant's thought might well give you the everyday idea, *Shop Assistants During Sales*. You would only need a few minutes' further consideration of this rough comment to produce the much more effective *Bullet*, REDUCED TO TEARS—BARGAINS—AND ALSO ASSISTANTS.

Before starting on your efforts, study the neat phrasing of the winning *Bullets* on the previous page. Notice how each of these efforts fits its *Example* closely and expresses its meaning in clear and striking manner.

Then go ahead with your own *Bullets*, making sure that your entry is in by Saturday, January 11.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

GAMBLER MUSSOLINI
MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS
THE WORLD AWAITS
LAW OF THE LAND
MADE HER SIGH
IN THE FIRE
ICILY
GETS ME DOWN
DO YOUR BEST AND
IN SPITE OF FATHER
SONNY'S HOBBY
"WHAT ABOUT ME?"
TOO MUCH TO DO
DIZZY
CHILLED TO THE MARROW
HARD HIT
BLACK AREAS
HE'S A VETERAN, SO
END OF THE ROAD
HE DARE'NT
BROKEN TOY
IN THE VILLAIN'S CLUTCHES
DUST
REDUCED TO TEARS
WHAT THE BARBER SAID
AUNTIE'S SEEDY, SO
AT HER BEST
MODESTY FORBIDS
SMASHED
BETWEEN THEM
FEELING SKITTISH
NOTHING TO HIDE
MINUTE BY MINUTE
WORST ENEMY
FACING US
LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS

READ THESE RULES COVERING "BULLETS" AND "APT-WORDS."

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL (if for "Bullets") or Odhams Press Ltd. (if for "Apt-words") and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with these competitions must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

---CUT ALONG THIS LINE---

£500 BONUS COUPON

Enclose this with your entry for "Bullets" No. 1,013 if you want a share of this Bonus to be divided between winners of £1 and upwards

I have affixed two 1½d stamps below, signed this coupon and added name and address of friend for "Bulletin" supply. Please register me for a share of £500 BONUS offered in "Bullets" No. 1,013, for which I enclose my entry.

YOUR NAME & ADDRESS _____

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

YOUR FRIEND'S Name and Address to be given below. If you are not already receiving "Bulletin" yourself, place your own name and address here.

_____

_____

_____

---CUT ALONG THIS LINE---

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,013) Closing SAT., Jan. 11. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,013) Closing SAT., Jan. 11. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,013) Closing SAT., Jan. 11. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,013) Closing SAT., Jan. 11. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,013) Closing SAT., Jan. 11. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,009 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. Sothern and Sons, 33, Waterloo Road, Blackpool.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,013 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,013, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

Why is she looking Forward to 1936

BECAUSE now she knows she can be sure of keeping her slim figure; sure of sparkling eyes, a clear complexion and radiant health.

What is her secret?—it's just that regular nightly dose of Bile Beans. Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods.

So, ring in 1936 with the good resolution of keeping healthy, happy and attractively slim with the aid of your nightly Bile Beans.

"As a professional model I know how essential it is to have 'appearance' and be able to wear my dresses and gowns to perfection. Taking Bile Beans regularly enables me to look and feel my best at all times and keeps my figure slim and attractive."—Miss D. H., Wembley.

* * *

"It would do you good to see the lovely clear skin that Bile Beans have given me. My health is greatly improved and I am full of life all day long. Bile Beans also keep me slender and youthful looking."—Miss K. D., Cork.

* * *

"My stage work was affected when I began to put on weight, but the nightly Bile Beans have removed all unwanted fat and made me quite slim again."—Miss P. B., Brighton.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HEALTHY, HAPPY & SLIM

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